THE

LADIES' MUSEUM.

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ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.—NO. III.

THE SWAN.

The *swan*, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling, proudly rows
Her state with oary feet.—*Milton.*

This majestic and classical bird, though capable, like other aquatic fowls, of living on land, seldom voluntarily quits the water. When absent from the element in which it most delights, its movements are constrained and ungraceful; its neck is stretched forward, having an air of stupidity, and it has about it none of that dignity of appearance which renders it on water so attractive. The bird itself seems to be aware of this; and, accordingly, seldom quits its favourite pond or river, where it delights to sail, exhibiting a thousand graceful attitudes. Its movements are made without apparent effort; its neck is regularly arched; and, whether stationary or in motion, it has long since been pronounced the most beautiful figure in nature.

In its form, when on its proper element, there are no broken or harsh lines; no constrained or catching motions; but the soundest contours, and the easiest transitions: the eye wanders over every part with insatiable pleasure, and every part takes a new grace with new motion. It will swim faster than a man can walk.

This bird has long been rendered domestic; and it is now a doubt whether there be any of the tame kind in a state of nature. The colour of the tame swan is entirely white, and it generally weighs full twenty pounds. The windpipe sinks down into the lungs in the ordinary manner; and it is the most silent of all the feathered tribes; it can do nothing more than hiss, which it does on receiving any provocation. In these respects it is very different from the wild or whistling swan.

This beautiful bird is as delicate in its appetites as elegant in its form. Its chief food is corn, bread, herbs growing in the water, and roots and seeds, which are found near the margin. At the time of incubation it prepares a nest in some retired part of the bank, and chiefly where there is an islet in the stream. This is composed of water-plants, long grass, and sticks; and the male and female assist in forming it with great assiduity.

The swan lays seven or eight eggs, white, one per day, much larger than those of a goose, with a hard, and sometimes a tuberous shell. It sits near two months before its young are excluded; which are ash-coloured when they first leave the shell, and for some months after. It is not a little dangerous to approach the old ones, when their little family are feeding round them. Their fears, as well as their pride, seem to take the alarm, and when in danger, the old birds carry off the young ones on their backs.

Dr. Latham says, that he knew two females that for three or four years agreed to associate; and had each a brood yearly, bringing up together about eleven young; they sat by turns, and never quarrelled. When a twelve-month old the young swans change their colour with their plumage. All the stages of this bird's approach to maturity are slow, and seem to mark its longevity. It is two months hatching; a year in growing to its proper size; and if, according to the observations of Pliny, Buffon, and other naturalists, those animals which are longest in the womb are the longest lived, the swan must exceed in length of years every other, for it is the longest in the shell of any bird hitherto known, and, indeed, has always been remarkable for its longevity. A goose has been known to live an hundred years; and the swan, from its superior size, and from its harder, and firmer flesh, may naturally be supposed to live still longer. It is a very strong bird, and at times extremely fierce: it has not unfrequently been known to throw down and trample upon youths of fifteen or sixteen years of age; and an old swan, we are told, is able to break the leg of a man with a single stroke of its wing. A female, while in the act of sitting, observed a fox swimming towards her from the opposite shore: she instantly darted into the water, and, having kept him at bay for a considerable time with her wings, at last succeeded in drowning him; after which, in the sight of several persons, she returned in triumph. This circumstance took place at Pensy, in Buckinghamshire; and is illustrated by an engraving, which ornaments our present number.

Swans were formerly held in such great esteem in England, that, by an act of Edward the Fourth, none, except the son of the king, was permitted to keep a swan, unless possessed of five marks a year. By a subsequent act, the punishment for taking their eggs was imprisonment for a year and a day, and a fine at the king's will. At present they are but little valued for the delicacy of their flesh; but many are still preserved for their

beauty. Multitudes may be seen on the Thames, where they are esteemed royal property, and it is accounted felony to steal their eggs.

In Lincolnshire swans were once kept in great numbers; and Sir Joseph Banks, in 1810, read a curious paper at a meeting of the Antiquarian Society, which satisfactorily explained the origin of the sign of the "Swan with two Necks," now to be seen in Lad Lane, and on the panels of so many stage coaches. It appears that the proprietors of the Lincolnshire swans were in the habit of placing some peculiar mark on their birds, and the king's swan-herd distinguished his majesty's swans by cutting two *nicks* on their bills. Hence the sign originally was "The Swan with two *Nicks*;" and when this custom had passed away, and the term being no longer understood, it was called "The Swan with two *Necks*;" and the painter has shown his ingenuity in illustrating it, by painting a swan, from whose body emerge two necks.

At Abbotsbury, in Dorsetshire, there was formerly a noble swannery, the property of the Earl of Ilchester, where six or seven hundred birds were kept; but, from the mansion being almost deserted by the family, this collection has of late years been much diminished. The royalty belonged anciently to the abbot, and, previous to the dissolution of the monasteries, there were frequently above double this number.

The wild, or whistling swan, is somewhat smaller than the tame swan, and in weight seldom exceeds sixteen pounds. The bill is three inches long; yellowish white to the middle, but black at the end. The whole plumage is white, but along the back, and the tips of the wings, are ash-colour; and the legs are black.

The windpipe, after a strange and wonderful contortion, enters through a hole, formed in the breast-bone; and being reflected therein, returns by the same aperture; and being contracted into a narrow compass by a broad and bony cartilage, it is divided into two branches, which, before they enter the lungs, are dilated, and, as it were, swollen out into two cavities. By this curious construction, this bird is enabled to utter a loud and shrill note.

This species is an inhabitant of the northern regions; never appearing in England except in hard winters, when flocks of five or six are now and then seen. Martin says, that in the month of October, swans come in great numbers to Lingey, one of the Western Isles, and continue there till March, when they return northward to breed. A few continue in Mainland, one of the Orkneys, and breed in the little islands of the fresh water lochs; but the principal part of them retire at the approach of spring.

They are called the countryman's almanack; for their quitting the isle is said to presage good weather, and their arrival the reverse.

In Iceland, these birds are an object of chase. In the month of August they lose their feathers to such a degree as not to be able to fly. The natives, at that season, resort in great numbers to the places where they most abound; and are accompanied with dogs, and active strong horses, trained to the sport, and capable of passing nimbly over the boggy soil and marshes. The swans will run as fast as a tolerable fleet horse. The greater number are taken by the dogs, which are taught to seize them by the neck; a mode of attack that causes them to lose their balance, and become an easy prey.

Notwithstanding their size, these birds are so extremely swift on the wing, when in full feather, as to make them more difficult to be shot than almost any other; it being frequently necessary to aim ten or twelve feet before their bills. This, however, is only when they are flying before the wind in a brisk gale; at which time they seldom proceed at the rate of less than a hundred miles an hour; but when flying across the wind or against it, they are not able to make any great progress.

This species has several distinctions from that of the tame swan. "Such," says Buffon, "is the extraordinary difference between these two animals, which seem to be of one species. Whether it is in the power of long continued captivity and domestication to produce this strange variety between birds, otherwise the same, I will not take upon me to determine. But certain it is, that our tame swan is no where to be found, at least in Europe, in a state of nature."

The whistling swan emits its loud notes only when flying, or calling: its sound is, "whoogh, whoogh," very loud and shrill, but not disagreeable when heard high in the air and modulated by the winds. The Icelanders compare it to the notes of the violin: they hear it at the end of their long and gloomy winter, when the return of the swans announces also the return of summer; every note, therefore, must be melodious which presages a speedy thaw, and a release from their tedious confinement.

It was from this species alone that the ancients derived their fable of the swan's being endowed with the powers of melody. Embracing the Pythagorean doctrine, they made the body of this bird the mansion of the souls of departed poets; and then attributed to the birds the same faculty of harmony which they had thus possessed in a pre-existent state. And the vulgar, not dis-

tinguishing between sweetness of numbers and melody of voice, thought that real which was only intended figuratively. The mute or tame swan never frequents the Padus; "and I am almost equally certain," says Mr. Pennant, "that it never was seen on the Cayster, in Lydia; each of them, streams celebrated by the poets for the great resort of swans. The Padus was styled oloriferous, from the numbers of these birds which frequent its waters; and there are few of the poets, either Greek or Latin, who do not make them its inhabitants."

HUMAN LIFE.

I saw his *childhood*—when each thought
Was softly mirrored in his eye,
When every throb to bliss was wrought
By lips that loved him doatingly!
His silken cheeks were blushing bright,
His laughing eyes the diamonds light;
His coral mouth was bright and fair,
And clustered smilingly his hair:
He looked a cherub-child of love,
Whose home was in the realms above;
A dewy bud of orient spring
In summer's promise revelling;
A tiny star—whose quivering beam
On life's horizon seemed a dream—
A thought for fancy's fond caress—
A fairy ray of loveliness!

I saw his *youth*—a twilight hour
That heralded his coming day,
Bedewed by sorrow's April shower,
It brightened up in pleasure's ray.
On feathered wing his slowest hours
Flew, lightning-like, mid new-born flowers;
Yet still that boy for ever sighed—
Cursed sullenly time's lingering tide.
He held an hour-glass in his hand,
Chiding the ever lagging sand,
And viewed the dial and the sun
To find if all his cares were done!
Poor erring spirit! not to know
The line that severs him from woe!—
To pray for winter in the spring,
For life—when life is withering!
The veriest thing that wooes the wind
Was not so fickle as his mind;
Now floating on a stream of joy,
Now borne on passion's rushing river,
He preyed for every gilded toy
Then dashed it down—inconstant ever.
With speech uncoined, with soul unbowed,
Unmuffled in perversion's cloud;

With heart that madly loved to err,
And hope—his favoured minister—
His motto was the rainbow's hue,
His creed a change—for ever new.

I saw his *manhood*, where the sweep
Of age young childhood joys had proved,
And marked the oozing spirits creep
From all the springs the boy had loved.
The arched brow of wrinkles built,
The wandering eye that spoke of guilt,
The cares that nestled on his cheek,
And fed its beauty with the streak
Of hectic hoariness; in sooth
All *these* spoke more than tomes of truth.

I saw him *dead*, a putrid thing,
With hollow cheek and marble brow,
Paler than fear's imagining,
E'en now, methinks I see him now.
Lipped by the worm, whose slimy path
Tracks every line that beauty hath,
I see it gloat upon its prey,
And note each limb that melts away;
Fearing its festal gorge should be
Too quickly stayed by fate's decree.

Shame upon pride! Is this your state?
The throne your heart would arrogate?
So low, so scorned, so impotent—
Is this your godly tenement?
Where are the crowds that lived upon
A morning smile of this their sun?
Have they all passed, like shades, away,
And fled, with glory's flitting ray?
Shame upon pride! Be mine the grave,
Where weeping yew and willows wave;
I would not be the coffined proud
With golden scutcheon on my shroud—
To have that mockery played on me,
For worms to laugh at, worms to see!
Be mine in some lone spot to lie;
And though the clay-built frame may die,
My soul, with flag of life unfurled,
Shall mount into a better world. S.

BEAUTY'S TEARS.

There is a holy, heavenly dew,
Which oft the cheek of pity wears,
That adds bright eyes a lustre to—
Need I say, 'tis beauty's tears?

When soft compassion bids them flow,
How each warm drop the sufferer cheers!
Who would not even cling to woe,
If sorrow's blest with beauty's tears?

Charles M.

PAOLI.

A TALE OF ITALY.

The Palazzo di Veranzi—whose splendid halls are now in ruins—around whose dilapidated columns the dark ivy hangs like a funeral pall over the mouldering remains of departed greatness—and upon whose marble steps and terraces the rank weeds and moss have gradually encroached, almost concealing from view the dismal ravages of time's destroying hand upon the deserted and desolate mansion—was once the bower of beauty, and the gay resort of gallantry and worth. Italia's proudest and noblest knights flocked thither with a gorgeous and emulative display; for Veranzi's daughter, the incomparable Giulietta, was the divinity for whom the burning aspirations of love were breathed from the lips of a hundred devoted suitors.

Praise was pleasant to her vanity, while she was proud enough to imagine that their encomiums were only the just tribute due to her exceeding beauty. Nursed and educated in pomp and affluence, the finer feelings of her heart lay dormant and unexercised, and formal pride and dissimulation replaced the lovelier graces of modest simplicity, and the natural and spontaneous movements of her mind. Those transcendent charms, however, wherewith nature had so bountifully gifted her, it was not in the power of art to repress or conceal. Through every studied action, ineffable grace still shone—through all the cold and formal language of her lips the magic music of her voice floated, shedding warmth and beauty over her speech, even as the sun gives hue and odour to the flowers of the earth. Long did she rule with tyrannic sway over the subdued hearts of her vanquished lovers, alternately dispensing joy and sadness as her smiles or frowns prevailed: at length Veranzi, urged by the pressing instances of her admirers, ventured to hint that it would be proper to make her election, and so decide the fate of one and all.

Giulietta would willingly have held her devoted suitors, still lingering in the tormenting uncertainty of her favour, to a more protracted period. Indeed she loved too well the despotic dominion she exercised to yield it up so suddenly, but her sire's commands were peremptory, and she promised a prompt compliance. Luigi Paoli was the happy object of her election, not that he possessed any rarer qualities in her estimation than his rivals, but he was by far the wealthiest of the gallant crowd. Her decision, however, was only indirectly communicated, and perhaps with some degree of delicacy, for in lieu of abruptly bidding all her suitors begone, she merely entertained them with

politeness ; while the proud Paoli received her most flattering attentions, engrossed her whole conversation, and won her most pleasing smiles.

The light and shade were too boldly contrasted to be mistaken, and, one by one, the unsuccessful candidates reluctantly withdrew from the contemplation of that beauty which they were doomed never to possess. Sadly and sighingly they relinquished the contest, and the favoured Paoli found himself master of the field. From this time the Palazzo di Veranzi was the busy scene of one joyous and continual fête ; the gallantry of the rich Paoli exhibiting itself in the novel, diversified, and splendid manner in which he invented, every day, some rare and costly divertisement to entertain his intended bride. Her approving smile was the sweet reward of all his exertions. But this genial and dazzling sunshine was not destined to endure for long unclouded : Paoli had been for some time inimical to the government, and by the villainy of some of his pretended adherents was betrayed into its power. The life of a meaner delinquent would have been forfeit to the offended laws, but Paoli escaped from the iron grasp of justice ; not, however, without the loss of at least two-thirds of his wealth, which his pride could neither brook nor prevent : he, therefore, suffered in silence, in the vengeful hope that some future opportunity might restore him two-fold what he had sacrificed for his present security.

But his liberation from the hands of his enemies was not the termination of his misfortunes.

Upon presenting himself at the Palazzo di Veranzi, Paoli found in the cold, unwelcome reception of the haughty Giulletta, a cruel reflection of the frowns of fortune.

This unfeeling conduct from one who had taught him to expect the balm of condolence and sympathy in his trouble, chilled his already oppressed heart. He ventured to remonstrate with her, but in a strain of tenderness that was more calculated to melt her obdurate heart to pity than arouse its anger.

He reminded her of the solemn vows which she had made to become his for ever ; to love him through every change of fortune ; and, unhappily, his ill-starred destiny had too soon given her an opportunity of proving her sincerity. But even now fate had not cast him so low as to make him blush to approach her. In point of fortune he was still above many of those who aspired to her alliance.

Giulietta was silent while he spoke ; but her careless inattention was too evident to be misconstrued. "Signor," she calmly

replied, "you do me wrong by supposing me capable of such unworthy conduct. I am still the same. If there be any change it is alone visible in you."

"Just Heaven!" cried Paoli, "what unconscious fault in me hath wrought this unkind suspicion? I adore thee, Giulietta, still, still adore thee with unabated ardour. A change in me! Surely the eyes of the most jealous affection could not even imagine such a fault. Believe me, Giulietta, I know not how I have offended thee; and by that affection wherein I held myself so highly honoured, I conjure thee, point at my error, that I may quickly amend it."

He offered to take her hand, but she coldly withdrew it. Paoli gazed upon her in confusion, mingled with surprise. "Is it possible?" he murmured, almost inaudibly.

"Signor Paoli," said Giulietta, unmoved by his extreme agitation, "thou well knowest how foreign is indecision to the character of Veranzi's daughter. And mine honour now sternly forbids me to waver between the conflicting feelings of love and duty. It is most true that I did vow to love thee—to bind my fate till death with thine. But that compact was made with the noble, rich, and undishonoured Prince Paoli!"

"Hah!" exclaimed Paoli, stung to the quick by the galling and ungenerous allusion to his misfortunes. But he staggered, pale and speechless, beneath the blow she had so unkindly given. Undismayed, and by no means disconcerted by the pain she had inflicted, she calmly added: "What is he now?" which she had no sooner uttered than she quitted him.

The distracted Paoli could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. He stood rivetted to the spot, muttering incoherently to himself, like one bereft of his senses.

"And have I loved this woman? heartless, cold, unfeeling as the marble statues that adorn her bowers. Have I loved? alas! do I not even now love her with a fervor— But no! if there be any pride within the broken heart, I will summon it to my aid. Paoli shall never become the sickly, sighing slave to crouch at the feet of such a scornful beauty, and win her pity or perchance be spurned. But she shall not triumph. No! Giulietta, the poison that thou hast poured into my wounded heart shall recoil upon thee! Thy unwarranted scorn shall turn my love to vengeance."

Giulietta was the only tie which had bound Paoli to the world. He had been mercilessly persecuted both by church and state, for his bold and daring opposition to the oppressive wrongs which

they were continually heaping upon the people; and it was for her sake alone that he had so quietly submitted to their harsh decrees. That link was now snapt asunder; and Paoli, soon afterwards disposing of the bulk of his property, suddenly disappeared from that circle of society which he had so nobly adorned.

The rumour of Paoli's misfortune and disappearance was no sooner spread abroad, than the rejected suitors of Giulietta, who had yielded the palm to his superiority, hastily flocked to Veranzi again with renovated hopes of success.

Nor was the haughty maiden long in making a second choice. Ludovico di Xara, only second in point of fortune and accomplishments to what Paoli was in the hey-day of his glory, won her favour; and, yielding to the wishes of her father, and the solicitations of di Xara, she consented to an immediate union—not of hearts—but hands, with the happy lord who felt honoured in her choice, and proud in having snatched the envied prize from such a host of rivals.

Ludovico had likewise a greater, though a secret, cause for exultation. He was, in fact, the venal tool of government, and had, under the mask of friendship, insinuated himself into the confidence of the unfortunate Paoli, and then basely yielded up the victim of his duplicity to the powers he served. But so cunningly had he conducted the whole affair, that he was the last among his partisans to excite the suspicions of Paoli; and by this single stroke of political intrigue, he had not only won the favour of government, but also removed the barrier in his way to the favour of Giulietta.

Never did the palazzo display so much splendour, nor exhibit such a concourse of dazzling beauty and courteous gallantry, as on the eventful day of Giulietta's nuptials. It was a pageant worthy the admiration of the silk-clad nobility, whose embroidery and jewels gave added lustre to the gorgeous display. Sweet and harmonious strains of music, issuing from the instruments of skilful performers, concealed in various parts of the pleasant groves, gently broke at intervals upon the ravished ears of the gay company who strolled about the meandering walks, or tripped to the joyful measures upon the smooth and verdant lawns. And no sooner did the glorious sun withdraw his beams, than thousands of artificial lamps of variegated colours blazed forth, and bade defiance to the dull obscurity of night. In the grand hall of the palazzo there was held a masquerade, in which Ludovico and his fair bride mingled, enlivening the fairy scene with their wit and vivacity. Wherever he roamed, however, Ludovico observed a

mask, the very counterpart of himself, haunting him like his own shadow; and feeling a chilling and indescribable sensation at such a mysterious and unpalatable joke, for such he deemed it, he took an opportunity of slipping from the company, and changing his mask and domino, although, at the same time, he could scarcely forbear smiling at his own ridiculous superstition; when returning to the hall, he sought in every direction, but in vain, for the silent and tormenting mask, and really began to suspect he should presently encounter him similarly altered in his outward form. At all events, he experienced a great relief in his absence, but having retired to an anti-chamber, where refreshments were displayed, he was about to raise a goblet to his parched lips, when the words "I pledge thee!" sounded abruptly in his startled ear, and, turning round, he beheld his prototype. The goblet fell from his hand. He was utterly dismayed, and, for a moment, bereft of speech.

The stranger-mask, apparently surprised, replenished and presented his goblet. Ludovico had by this time recovered himself, and, thanking the mask, though somewhat awkwardly, endeavoured to conceal his confusion in the effusion of his wit.

"Here's to Giulietta!" cried the mask.

"Giulietta!" repeated Ludovico, and quaffed the purple wine.

Again the mask filled, saying:—"To Paoli."

"Paoli!" echoed Ludovico—"Hah! is it my friend—Unmask—Tell me, is the brigand chief secure?"

"He is," replied the mask.

"Then are my thanks to fate and fortune due. My foe and rival dies. My plot has succeeded, then, at last. Ludovico is ——"

——"A villain, a false-hearted villain!" exclaimed the mask, discovering the dark features of the vengeful Paoli. "And thou, thou art, then, the hidden snake that hath stung me," continued he, almost choaking with rage. "Thou art the base, unmanly wretch, but—but—I am avenged—justice hath guided my hand. Ludovico di Xara, thou diest—hah! in vain thou strugglest—the poison takes effect!"

And as Paoli spake, di Xara's features grew lividly pale and convulsed, and, reeling, he fell a corpse at the feet of his assassin.

"Now half my work of vengeance is complete!" cried the ruthless Paoli, as a sardonic smile shot across his dark visage, and, quickly striding from the anti-chamber, he hurried to the garden.

As he crossed a spacious lawn the moon suddenly emerged from a cloud, and, shedding her silver light upon him, threw a dark

shadow in his path. It startled his feverish mind—for an instant his firm step was arrested—but as quickly recovering himself, he rushed forward, and was lost in the shadow of a grove, in the heart of which was a bower tastefully adorned with rare flowers and costly sculpture, formerly the chosen resort of Paoli and Giulietta in the golden days of his happiness, when he loved devotedly and confided in the reciprocal affection of his imperious and faithless mistress.

Giulietta was already there, and ran eagerly to meet the disguised Paoli, as he started from the dark shadows of the trees.

"What whim is this, Ludovico," said she, smiling, "that prompts this strange assignation?"

Paoli gazed upon her for a moment in stern and breathless silence, till her bright and rosy countenance grew pale with fear and apprehension; then, grasping her violently by the arm, he threw aside his mask and domino.

The blade of his broad, sharp stiletto gleamed in the pale beams of the moon!

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Soon after Paoli had quitted the anti-chamber, the victim of his dire vengeance was discovered. The laugh and jest which rang through the gay and gilded halls of the palazzo were changed to shrieks of terror and dismay; and seeking in vain for Giulietta within the palazzo, every blade flew from its scabbard, and the distracted Veranzi, at the head of a hundred armed gallants, rushed into the garden, spreading themselves in every direction. The old prince just arrived at the fatal bower in time to hear the agonizing shriek—the last expiring cry of Giulietta. He plunged madly forward, but Paoli, the brigand chief, the unknown murderer of his child, had escaped, and the life of the lovely Giulietta was the terrible atonement of her pride and perfidy.

A. Crowquill.

A THOUGHT.

When the summer of life hath gone by,
And youth, with its roses, hath perished;
When friends in eternal sleep lie,
Dear friends whom in youth we have cherished;
May memory, faithful and true,
Be enabled to point to the past,
And bring all its days to our view,
Unclouded by sin to the last.
Such a retrospect truly will seem,
To age, like the sun when it throws,
For a moment a bright summer's beam,
On winter's cold sparkling snows.

A. C.

THE POET.

(Concluded from page 211.)

He advanced towards her: a deep hectic flush passed over his face, and marking her confusion, he kindly took her hand, drew her arm in his, and, slightly moving to the astonished Fortescue, led her away. Both for some minutes were silent; at length Sidney spoke, but in a low tone, as if aiming to speak with calmness.

"My dear Ellen, I am grieved at the discovery which I have this morning made; I cannot say I was quite unprepared for this blow; I confess I suspected you loved Mr. Fortescue, but not this—no! I did not think this of you. Ah, Ellen! listen to me as to a brother," and a tear escaped from his eye, which he hastily dashed away. "The world is very censorious, dear Ellen, do not let it have cause to speak ill of you; a clandestine engagement *must not* be laid to the charge of Ellen Middleton, and, your indulgent friend, my kind uncle, will not, I am sure, allow his favourite child to be miserable. Ellen, he will give his consent; do but ask him for it; and I, too, will plead."

Ellen felt like a culprit; she felt she deserved reproaches, and, like many more, when in error, she was angry with herself, and vexed that she had no cause to be so with Sidney: she was too unkind—ungenerous. "Your advice may be good," she hastily said "but I am not accountable to Mr. Sidney for my actions, nor do I wish or his interference; but I perceive that I am watched, and I suppose the vexations of this morning will be kindly repeated to Mr. Middleton."

"Ellen, Ellen!" interrupted Sidney, "this is cruel—I spoke as a friend—but, alas! you are sadly altered; for Ellen, the kind-hearted Ellen, has become unjust and unreasonable."

He took her hand, but she drew it away from his fervent grasp, and turned from him the agitated countenance on which he was earnestly gazing. Her heart beat high, but she could not humble herself to confess the error she panted to acknowledge to the man who, but a moment since, she had professed to love and revere. Sidney endeavoured to appear cheerful, but the day was one of gloom; he was, as usual, kind and attentive to Ellen, but he dared not trust himself to look at her; whilst she was reserved and melancholy, tears dimming the lustre of her eyes, which with difficulty she restrained in their prison. Mr. Middleton was puzzled, and anxiously inquired if his child was ill; but her negative did not convince him, and he continued to watch her with paternal fondness. She left the room to avoid his penetrating eye, and wandered in the grove, which was dark and gloomy

as her thoughts; for the hand of autumn had withered the green of the leaves, had tinged them with the yellow and brown of decay, and scattered numbers over the path which she trod, whilst the gloom of twilight saddened the landscape. She wept—"Ellen, Ellen!" she heard articulated—she started, and beheld Fortescue through the trees: he jumped across the narrow drain, pushed aside the intervening branches, and, in a moment, was by her side.

"You have been weeping, Ellen," he passionately exclaimed, "weeping, perhaps, on my account: but what if Sidney did see us together? What if he should meanly act the spy? think you I dread him?"

"He will again see us," exclaimed Ellen; "Mr. Fortescue, I must not, I dare not remain with you," and she turned from him.

"Tell me that you do not love him, and that there is some hope," he continued; but she was silent, and moved her hand for him to leave her, for her tears flowed impetuously.

"Yes, I will leave you, as you wish it: I will show my love by obeying, and disturb you no longer with my presence; but think kindly of me, Ellen!" and, as he pressed her hand to his lips, he placed a paper in it, repeating as he left her, "Think kindly of me, and if you will not hear me, at least read what I have written." Ellen left him with hurried steps, and, when she could no longer see him, tore open the paper, and read:—

"Though Sidney's love should break my jealous heart,
Though Sidney's eyes should watch with prying care;
From my fond dream of love I cannot part,
For gentle Hope shall save me from despair.

"Oh! turn not then those azure eyes away,
Nor speak so sadly, coldly to thy friend;
But let those soft reproaches, sweet one, stay
Unuttered—and in love and kindness end.

"Though I the tears of agony should shed,
In following Ellen to an early tomb,
Yet should I fondly think upon the dead,
And mourn my only Love's untimely doom.

"But oh! I cannot, e'en with calmness, think
That Ellen's love should be another's prize;
Then save me, fairest, from perdition's brink,
And let me read of hope in Love's own eyes."

Ellen read these lines of Fortescue over and over, and was so lost in meditation, that she perceived not she had reached the vicarage, and that Sidney stood by the door looking at her. "My dear Ellen," he exclaimed, "I trust you are not angry with me for anything which I this morning said." She started, coloured,

and concealed the paper, but with such visible agitation, that Sidney faintly smiled, as he said, "I am not the spy this time, dear Ellen, you betray yourself; so much so, that I am glad I only was present." Ellen burst into tears, and rushed past him to her own apartment. He had not indeed watched, but he had detected her secret, and she unjustly agreed with Fortescue, and indignantly thought that her best friend observed her "with prying care." Was it this feeling of injury which startled the proud heart of Ellen? Alas! the firmest resolves are too often weak and easily subdued. We fancy ourselves fortified against temptation, but it must be by continual watchfulness, for one step to error brings another, and, ere the danger is perceived, we are pushed headlong to the brink of destruction. Ellen's conscience whispered her duty; she attended not to its admonitory voice, as she plighted her faith to Fortescue; for still she promised him her love: she was happy in the fervour of his affection, but yet, oh! yet, in spite of all this, she was most wretched. When she met the anxious gaze of her doating friend, her more than parent, how did her eye sink abashed before him, as she thought, is this the return I make him for so much love and so much kindness? When she marked the pallid looks of Sidney, his altered features, and the repressed tenderness which beamed in his eyes when looking at her, and which with difficulty he restrained, oh! then her heart indeed bled, and felt for him, as she wished a thousand times that Fortescue had never come to destroy the peace which, ere his arrival, hovered o'er the vicarage. But still their clandestine meetings were continued, and the influence which Fortescue had acquired over her mind, instead of diminishing, appeared daily to gain strength; but her eyes lost their lustre, her cheeks became pallid, and Mr. Middleton viewed with agony the change which had taken place in his beautiful child: he conjured her to tell him if she were ill, or suffering from the pangs of a misplaced or slighted affection. Ellen wept, and said she was both well and happy; yet still she was dejected, pale, and avoided society; books no longer pleased her, and when either of her friends offered to read aloud, she would complain of the head-ache, or leave the apartment. One day, whilst engaged with her pencil, Sidney sat by her side endeavouring to wile her into conversation; finding his efforts ineffectual, he amused himself with reading the extracts which her portfolio contained: one amongst them particularly attracted his attention; the lines were as follows:

"The world drinks deeply of its draught of woe,
And tastes of griefs which but in fancy flow;

But we who live superior to its wiles,
Enjoy its sunshine and its halcyon smiles.
We catch the golden drops of joy and love,
And sip the nectar as it flies above;
Spurning the low fanaticism of fear,
We care not if the world should proudly sneer.
For oh! the only pang which I can feel,
Must be for thee, my only joy thy weal;
Calmly I'd view my fondest hopes depart,
Blest with my Ellen's love—my Ellen's heart.
Since Edward's fondest hope must be to prove,
Deserving of his Ellen's tender love ——."

Sidney blushed deeply as he read the lines: it was the blush of confused vexation, and feelings too acutely wounded. "Ellen," he said, "I am very unfortunate; I have of late almost shunned you, that I might not interfere in your secrets, and now I have unconsciously partaken of them. Has Mr. Fortescue written these lines which I have just read, under the supposition of their being extracted?" Ellen caught them from Sidney's hand, and glancing them over, said in a hurried tone—"He did write them, sir, but not expecting they should meet your eye."

"I do not deserve to be spoken so coldly to, Ellen," said Sidney, as the blood rushed into his face. "Oh, my loved sister! for I must learn to call you so, since every dearer hope is doomed to be crushed, you know not, you cannot know, what I have suffered for you."

"Forgive me, Sidney," exclaimed Ellen, "I have grown very impatient of late, but, indeed I do not, cannot doubt your affection; for deeply and bitterly do I grieve for you."

"Ah, now you speak to me kindly as you used to do, in happy, too happy days," replied Sidney, as he pressed Ellen's hand to his lips. She started, she felt it wet with the tears of her friend. He rose, he stood for a moment against the window, and then resuming his wonted composure, he again placed himself by her side. "Ellen, do not look angry at me, when I *tell* you I tremble for your welfare, for your very safety. This Fortescue——."

"Correct *me* as you please," interrupted Ellen, "but of *him* say nothing."

"Happy, enviable Fortescue," said Sidney, in a low and hurried tone, as he gazed on the lovely features of Ellen, lighted up as they were, for a moment, with the glow of enthusiastic love, expressive of the ardour and sincerity of her passion. "But Ellen, these lines! Oh! surely my apprehensions are groundless, and Fortescue is not a profaner of religion."

"You cannot accuse him of any immorality," said Ellen, as the indignant blood crimsoned her neck and face.

"He may be morally virtuous, yet not religious," continued Sidney. "Oh, Ellen, Ellen! Why do you not appeal to my uncle? Why do you not ask his consent, for, indeed, I see, I know you love this too insinuating Fortescue; and, God knows! how often and how seriously I have combated with this passion to prevent myself from being guilty of enjoying *his* happier lot."

He could not proceed, and, entirely overcome with the force of his feelings, Sidney covered his face with his hands and rushed out of the room.

The grief which Sidney so constantly endeavoured to conceal, but which, notwithstanding all his praiseworthy efforts to restrain, mocked the anxious control of a strong and amiable mind, and which too visibly preyed upon his health and spirits, could not fail to affect the sensitive Ellen with the deepest emotion, and to sadden her own heart with the reproaches which his sorrow conveyed to it. Often had she determined to allow Fortescue to follow the bent of his inclination, and ask the consent of Mr. Middleton; but, when the disappointment and anger of her benefactor presented themselves to her mind, with the heightened misery which his nephew would feel, should she be allowed to engage herself to his rival, the half-formed resolution as constantly died away in fear. Ah! little did she know his generous heart, and how well each of her friends were prepared for the blow she dreaded to inflict! Little did she guess that the amiable Sidney, when urged by his uncle to continue his addresses to her, had nobly borne the reproach of inconstancy to screen her from suspicion, and had declared that his determination was never to marry. Mr. Middleton had seriously talked to him, had told him of the crime of which he was guilty—for he could view it in no milder light—seeking to obtain the affections of a young and innocent female, when his own were to be meanly withheld. It was contrary to every Christian principle—it was unworthy of a Christian preacher. Sidney's burning blood rushed in his veins as the unmerited reproach was repeated; but he spoke not, he vindicated not his impeached honour, and the incensed Middleton viewed him from that time with ill-disguised reproach, whilst his favourite Ellen became an object of still deeper interest; and as he marked the faded lustre of her beauty, he thought, and burst with anger as he thought, that Sidney had trifled with her affections, and that his lovely child was sinking beneath the slow but consuming fire of disappointed love. He determined to take her

from C——, and in the gay and varied scenes of the metropolis seek for the restoration of her peace and health.

But the morning which was fixed for their departure found Ellen raving in the madness of a burning fever. Her fine eyes had lost their bewitching softness, and glared wildly on those around. She called upon Fortescue; conjured him to take her away, for Sidney and her father would kill her; they would break his heart; she should die—but she would die with him. And then she would sink upon her pillow, and, with one of the sweetest smiles of her day of beauty, would exclaim; "God have mercy on me!" but ere the words had died on her lips, she would wildly scream, and, hiding her face in her hands, would say, in a voice scarcely intelligible, "Is there a God? Oh! if there be, what will be my fate?" Mr. Middleton and Sidney listened to her wild expressions with horror, and neither of them, as they watched by her side, disguised the feelings of their hearts, or repressed the scalding tears which the high and lofty spirit of man so often disdains to shed.

Ellen was beloved in the village; in her days of happy vivacity and health she had been the comforter of the sick—the benefactress of the distressed; so not one amongst the poor inhabitants of C—— heard of her illness unmoved. Many would go to the vicarage, with tears in their eyes, to inquire after their beloved young lady; and the infectious melancholy which spread from house to house, when they heard that the fever ran so high that her life was despaired of, was such, that a stranger, passing from family to family, might have guessed that each had lost a valued friend or favourite child. Nor did Fortescue listen unmoved to the melancholy details which on all sides were given him. He wandered about like a deserted and houseless being; his pale cheek and sunken eyes told the sleepless nights which he passed; and his unwearied inquiries after the invalid at the vicarage, and the earnestness with which he begged of the physician to tell him what his decided opinion was, betrayed the anxiety of his mind. He continually sent the most expensive delicacies which he thought might tempt the appetite of the sufferer; but Ellen tasted them not; and the physician at length pronounced that all hopes of her recovery were over.

Fortescue was almost bereft of reason: he rushed into the house of sickness: he prayed, and prayed with tears, that he might see his Ellen; and it was with difficulty that her mourning friends could keep him from bursting into her apartment. The delirium had lasted so long, and the fever had ran so high, that

when it subsided, the physician had apprehended an immediate dissolution, from the very debilitated state to which she was reduced, for from the fever alone life appeared supported. Contrary to his most sanguine hopes, Ellen, however, slowly regained her strength. She slept long and tranquilly; and sometimes, as she dozed, a smile would play upon her lips, whilst a tear forced itself from beneath her closed lids. She was grateful for the kindness of her friends, and would look at them so fondly that every suffering which they had sustained for her, seemed amply repaid in the conscious pride of being accessary to the comfort and happiness of the poor invalid. In her calmest hours Sidney would take up the Bible, and read to her the most comforting and composing chapters; for he remembered with horror the wild expressions of her delirium, and he trembled for the soul which still seemed hovering between the regions of life and death. Ellen would listen to him with an earnestness which sometimes surprised him, and then weep so bitterly that he was constrained to close the holy volume; and often would she reproach herself as being a wicked and miserable girl: whilst something preyed so evidently upon her mind, that the physician declared unless the grief, which he was convinced she was labouring under, was removed, the most able advice would prove in vain.

One day, as Sidney finished reading to her, Ellen extended to him her thin and shadowy hand, whilst quick-flowing tears almost impeded her sight. "Sidney," she feebly said, "dearest Sidney, never can I forget your kindness—never, till this day, did I value you as I should have done; often, indeed, have I wept to think of the misery which I have occasioned you; and, oh! had you known all, how much more miserable would you have been; but if I tell you how wicked I was you must promise, faithfully promise, never to divulge my secret to my too doating father." Sidney gave his promise, and Ellen, covering her face with her slender hands, exclaimed, in a low, but passionate, tone—

"Do not hate me, Sidney—how shall I tell you! Shrink not with horror from me—Ellen—the Ellen you have so often instructed—but a little while since indulged in an incipient disbelief, and impiously thought there was no future state; but that the horrors of eternal punishment were invented but to alarm the weak from evil. You shudder, and well you may; but then *he* told me so—Fortescue, I mean: *he* said it was but a scheme of policy; and, oh! how I used to argue and reason with him; for I could not all at once sink to evil; but I thought myself

strong: I placed a vain reliance in myself, and instead of flying the danger, I sought it—*and I fell;* but not unresistingly, for I had many struggles with myself, and often, very often, I thought to tell you all my secret doubts; but I could not without betraying Fortescue; and then, again, I thought, if what he said was wrong, why should he tempt me, whom he professed to love, to believe his unholy doctrines: and then he told me of so many in earlier days, of the finest intellect, who had disbelieved too; and I used to think if so many great and wise men should say there was no punishment for the guilty, why should I think there was? and then Fortescue would smile as he asked me how there could be three Gods, and yet only one? and how I, when I died, could rise in a different form, from the body which I should leave mouldering in the dust. This religion, he said, contradicted itself; and then he confused my brain with his reasonings, and I tasted, with him, of the cup of heresy; and I was wretched even in my disbelief, for such doubts would obtrude, and I thought, if there were a God who punished and rewarded, what would become of my soul? Oh! never shall I forget the horrors of my first illness! Earth seemed to vanish from my sight, and I thought I beheld the God I had profaned. His angel of wrath stood over me with the sword of vengeance, and pushed me into a gulph of fire; and then, when I started and found it but the vision of fancy, I felt indescribably happy. All at once a dawn of light burst upon my mind, and my wickedness was very clearly before me. Then, Sidney, you would come and read to me; and then I believed. I thought myself forgiven, and I became more composed. Sidney, I have not strength to speak to Fortescue, but will you see him? will you tell him all I have suffered?"

"Yes, dearest Ellen," said Sidney, who was deeply affected with this confession, "I will tell him—I will tell him, though he deride me for my anxiety about his eternal welfare—I will tell him all your sufferings—your misery for him—and of your belief."

Ellen wept her thanks, and, exhausted with the exertion she had made, entreated Sidney to leave her, that in solitude she might compose her wearied spirits.

Fortescue, as he wandered before the vicarage, no sooner beheld Sidney than he flew to meet him, and eagerly inquired how Ellen was. "She is much better," said Sidney, "and has commissioned me to speak to you."

"What to give me permission, at last, to see her?" exclaimed Fortescue, impatiently.

"No, she is not yet strong enough to bear such a trial; but she has been very miserable, and just now so simply, and so earnestly did she tell me of her grief, and beg of me to tell you how, in her illness, she has been convinced of the truth of the divinity, and of the wickedness of her former apostacy, that, I trust, if you do, as you say, really and truly love Ellen Middleton, you will not despise her warning and advice;" and Sidney repeated, almost word for word, the conversation of Ellen. Fortescue was affected, and promised to think seriously of what he had heard; but so earnestly begged that he might be allowed to see Ellen, that Sidney promised to solicit for him an interview. But when he returned to the vicarage he found her much worse. The physician was with her, and appeared greatly alarmed at the sudden relapse. The symptoms of his patient he declared to be dangerous: yet Sidney did not even in his own grief forget that of Fortescue. No entreaties, however, could prevail upon Mr. Middleton to allow him to enter his house until Ellen herself requested she might again see him. The hectic flush of fever tinged her cheeks with the delusive semblance of health; her eyes shone with a more than earthly radiance; and the sweet smile of resigned serenity illumined her altered but still lovely countenance. Fortescue flew towards her, but as he caught her extended hand, and felt how thin and shadowy it was grown, he leaned for support against the benevolent Sidney. The meeting was affecting beyond description. Fortescue's sensitive and romantic mind felt the sad change which had taken place in so short a time most keenly. The beautiful girl who, but a few months since, he had beheld blooming in health and happiness, was now wasted by the hand of sickness, and he, oh! he had perhaps hastened her decay. She smiled placidly upon him as she said, "The last time I saw you, Fortescue, I thought not of this meeting, and that so soon I should be summoned to my eternal home; but I do thank my God I shall die happily—oh! very happily, if I could hear my Fortescue say only that his doubt had vanished into belief. Fortescue, *there is a God*—there is both a heaven and a hell. Oh! how wretched should I be if there were not a home of rest for my poor soul. I call upon you with my dying breath to seek for mercy, and I pray for you, and that we may meet above." Exhausted with such an unequal exertion to her strength, Ellen fainted away, and the distracted Fortescue was led, almost bereft of reason, from the chamber of death.

Evening stole on: the moon shot her pale beams through the

casement: Ellen languidly smiled as she beheld them, and, with an effort almost beyond her strength, exclaimed, "My God, I obey thy summons." Sidney rushed towards her. She raised herself from her pillow: he supported her, and she faintly uttered, "My kind father—my best friend—may God repay you for all this, and have mercy on poor Fortescue." She raised her eyes in prayer: her lips still moved—but her words were inarticulate—her head fell upon the bosom of Sidney—he gazed earnestly upon her—but she breathed no more.

As the king of the forest, the majestic oak, feels the rough blasts of the equinox, and bows beneath its gale, but still rises from the tempest and extends its sheltering branches, so was the full heart of Mr. Middleton oppressed with grief: yet he shrunk not beneath its weight; but, though a premature old age overtook the meridian of his days, he lived supported by religion, and blessed as the benefactor and friend of all around. Sidney comforted his sorrows, and, whilst dispensing consolation, strove to forget the bursting heart within; but year after year waned away and beheld him drawing nearer and nearer to his haven of rest. He had seen his early hopes perish like a flower in its bloom: he had consoled others when most needing it himself: he had soothed the last hours of Fortescue, for he, ardent and impassioned, lived but a few months to mourn for the woman he adored, dying, in penitence, the victim of a rapid decline; and Sidney watched by him to the last: he was kind to him—for *he* was a *Christian:* he was a brother to him—for Fortescue was beloved by Ellen.

ADAH.

INCONSISTENCY OF MAN.

How strange! how curious is the heart of man!
Who can its varied courses rightly scan?
We gaze around, and view a motley crowd,
Each of some fancied good unwisely proud;
And even those who blind self-love despise,
Some little excellence will vainly prize:
Superior talents, beauty, wit, or birth,
Or wealth, or honour, or a conscious worth;
And, as they boast, they seem forgetful grown
The blessings which they prize are not their own;
But that the same *great hand*, with equal ease,
May rob them of the gifts which weakly please,
As give them, and reprove the guilty heart,
And bid it from its cherished idol part.
So vainly do we deeds and acts approve
As man's, when springing solely from above.

H.

MILES ATHERTON.

A TALE FOR MAY-DAY.

THERE are many beautiful little dwellings of industrious men scattered through the suburbs of Manchester; and none who have viewed with consideration their honey-suckled walls and the flowery gardens in which they stand, just out of the reach of the smoke and stir of the town, will doubt the good feeling and intelligence of the working classes. Manufactures have by no means that deteriorating influence on the character which some moralists would draw in such frightful colours. Industry at the loom may not be so poetical as industry at the plough, but surely it is not less intellectual. In manufacturing districts, where multitudes are gathered together, the vice that exists will force itself painfully on observation, while retired virtue often escapes notice; and in the din issuing at evening from the licensed haunts of the profligate, the passer-by is apt to forget the stillness of many a neighbouring fireside, where the operative is sitting happily with his wife and children, reading, perhaps aloud, for their instruction and his own, or eking out, should wages be low, the week's means by an occasional by-hour of skill and ingenuity.

In one of those dwellings, for which, if beautiful be too strong an epithet, let us substitute neat and comfortable, Miles Atherton had lived for ten years, and in his own little world of labour had enjoyed an equable contentment, the only human felicity. His wife was from Scotland, the daughter of a shepherd, brought, when just woman-grown, from her native pastoral braes into the midst of a new life. But, in the watchfulness of affection, she soon became familiarized with objects and occupations very different from every thing about her father's house, and in a few years the murmur of the sylvan Jed visited her ear only in some Sabbath-dream. The working-days were exclusively filled with delights and duties, joys and griefs, born and dying within the room where her husband and her children slept. Her parents had both died since she left Scotland; and though Mary Atherton and a few distant relations still mutually lived in each other's memory, yet in time and separation the living are almost like the dead, and, as they sometimes rise from oblivion, are but pleasant phantoms. But seldom as Mary Atherton perhaps now thought of Scotland, her simple and heartfelt voice spoke of her birth beyond the border, and now and then a wanderer from the "North Countree," directed by neighbours to her house, repaid her charities by telling her that he had been in her native parish, had seen the spire of the kirk, and the plaided shepherds on the hill.

The evil of poverty is not in the suffering with which it wrings the heart, but in the poison which it too often mingles with the affections. Bread steeped in tears it is difficult to eat in thankfulness; and there is no blessing in the prayer in which there is no present hope. When earth stops its bounty, we despair of help from Heaven; and the piety which worshipped God by the warm hearth, faints over the dead embers. The change on our whole moral nature may be slow, but it is sure; each successive day is darkened and disturbed to the sullen or angry heart; beloved objects lose their charm; and things formerly abhorrent to our nature possess a spell over us which, loathsome though it be, we cannot break, and under whose infatuation we hurry on to guilt, despair, and death. For three months Miles Atherton was poor—miserably poor,—and in other three, just as winter came, with all its severities, he was also profligate—miserably profligate. His pretty children, a boy and a girl, were taken from school; their mother's face had undergone a change like that of many years' sickness; and their house, so long the pride of the suburban village, looked as if it were uninhabited.

Mary Atherton, before the neighbours, endeavoured to look cheerful, and an honest pride sometimes supported her when better feelings had worked themselves out; but that strength was of avail only in the open day-light. When the door was shut, she often sat for hours without moving, in a sort of blind resignation; for the little work she could get, or was able to do, could procure so small a portion of the very necessaries of life, that she took it up only in hurried snatches, and would lay it down again in despair, when her eyes met those of her pining and sickly children. Misery had made her husband hard-hearted, almost brutal; so that often at midnight she trembled to unlatch the door for him, and dared not, till he slept, approach his bosom. Yet the poor creature loved him as well, better than ever; and kisses and tears he knew not of fell on his haggard countenance, disturbed even in his dreams. The time for advice or reproach was gone by, and her last hope was in meek silence and uncomplaining sorrow.

One morning the unhappy man took his boy by the hand, and little Alec allowed himself to be led away without ever once venturing to look up into his father's face. Fear had not quelled love in that innocent heart, but it had sunk its expression in his downcast eyes; and now he walked along as if conscious of some crime, and about to receive punishment. His father stopped on a bridge over a canal, and placing the boy beside him on the ledge, looked on him in gloomy silence. It was a lonely place,

the water brown and muddy; and little Alec began, he knew not why, to weep. His father, incensed at the wailing sound, and distracted by an evil conscience, struck him on the face, and in an instant the child was silent; for this was the first time he had thus felt the hand that used to stroke down so gently his hair over his forehead; and pain, fear, and wonder, checked sigh and speech. In a little while he heard his father groan, and then was lifted up on his bosom, and there forgot that cruelty as if it had never been. "Alec, my little Alec, would you be afraid to die?" "Yes, to be drowned, father; but not to die in my own bed, with you and my mother praying beside me, as you did when I had the fever in spring." A grim and hideous figure stood before them at these words, and after some talking in a low voice, which the child feared to listen to, he felt himself alone in the grasp of a fiend, for his father had suddenly disappeared.

The winter came and went, and the mother knew not what had become of her sweet Alec, or if he were, as her husband said, yet alive in this miserable world. "Our boy is alive; but I could not support him, as you know, and he is apprenticed where he will do well enough, as the world goes, though he will have his hardships." How she herself was able to outlive all these months was a mystery, an upbraiding to her weary spirit; for surely, she often thought, had not other wretchedness killed all love within her, she had long since been in the churchyard. All that the kindness of her poor neighbours could do was lost upon her, and she accepted their charity without gratitude. They wondered how she was kept alive; for no one ever saw her at a meal; and often, on the bitterest days, there was not a spark of fire in the house. Her daughter was frequently wiled away into other dwellings, and fed and warmed; but the mother kept her room, like a ghost, and was often seen, by persons looking through a window, leaning with her head on the Bible, which she was nowise able to read, for her eyesight had failed her, and she was almost as one of the blind. "Oh, Mary, leave your worthless husband, and become one of us," sometimes said her best friend, herself with a large family, and very very poor; but the wife strove to straighten her crouching frame at these words, and said, in a hollow whisper, "Never, never, till he lays me in my grave."

It was the evening of May-day; and for a brief space forgetting, or at least laying aside, their sorrows, almost every family, in street and lane, had gone out for amusement. Low as wages were, and provisions dear, parents laid out something on their own dress and that of their children, that they might not seem

worse off than they really were; and sights and sounds of merriment were rife through the suburb. Mary suffered her daughter to join the festivities, at least she made no answer to the richly-ribanded dame who came to invite her solitary child; and then fell back into that stupor which, to many eyes, often appeared to be a mid-day sleep. But the influence of this annual spring-holiday could not be wholly unfelt, far gone as she was in wo and want; and as the merry minstrelsy passed the door, she opened her eyes, and for one blessed moment thought she beheld little Alec, with some flowers wreathed round his hat, and dancing in his glee; but the vision and the music died away together, and she only uttered, "Perhaps it was his ghost!"

In an hour there was a knock at the door, which then slowly opened, and a soldier came in, seemingly off a long march. "Are you Mary Atherton?" said he, with a kind voice. "Yes, I am Mary Atherton; has my husband enlisted, and is he going away to a foreign country? Oh! that he could be suffered to stay for a week or two, and then he would have no widow to forsake." "I have come, my good woman, to tell you good tidings of your lost boy; his name, he says, is Alec, and he is not far off." He was, indeed, near at hand; for almost while the soldier was speaking Alec was upon his mother's bosom, not in her arms, for they hung lifelessly, but in her bosom, and upon her neck, and perhaps his sobbings were not unheard in her swoon.

The mother recovered her senses, but not her speech; she held him now fast in her arms, as if about to bear him away from devouring fire; she loved more in that one dreadful clasp than she had ever loved in her whole life; and the thought of the great God was along with that of her first-born; so, too, was forgiveness of her husband, penitence for her impious sorrows, willingness now to die, and a desire—oh! how profound!—of yet a few days, months, years of this mortal life!

A few words from her boy told the tale of a whole winter's miseries. A father had sold his child into slavery! All those pretty curls were gone, whose golden lustre had once been the joy of a proud mother's heart; the roses had left his cheek; and his little hands were wasted to the very bone, and covered with scars and wounds; his voice was low and timid, as if terror had pitched its key; but still, in all that rueful change, it was the same cheek—the same forehead—the same hair—the same hands—the same voice—the same smile! "O bitter, bitter cold—dreadful, more dreadful heat—and cruel, cruel stifling of that sweet breath, hast thou, my blessed Alec, too long endured! Yet

beautiful is my boy as ever; nor think that I could not have known my boy had I seen him all begrimed in his wretchedness—heard but his small pattering footsteps—had it been even in the uttermost parts of the earth!"

The soldier who had rescued the poor sweep from slavery now rose to depart. The grateful mother began to request him to take some refreshment, and then her voice all at once ceased. After a pause, she said, "You have brought riches into the house of poverty, for we have not at this blessed moment one morsel of bread!"

Mary was now left alone with her restored son, and that cold, dreary, desolate chamber was to her like one of the many mansions in the house of her heavenly Father. With what divine happiness did she gaze on him kneeling once more by the bed-side, and saying distinctly his unforgotten prayer! Hardly could she believe that he had indeed been brought back to her from the dreadful darkness of some remote region, till she lay down and took him into her bosom. Wearied and worn with his long journey homewards, and all at once made perfectly happy after so many horrid months, the boy soon fell asleep, and his warm breath thrilled through his mother's heart, to the entire possession of all its affections, and utter oblivion of all its long distress.

When little Alice came home from the merriment, her smiles met with a joyful return that startled the affectionate girl with a new kind of happiness. Awe-struck by the face of her long-lost brother, covered with the placid light of sleep, Alice muttered not a word, as her mother withdrew the curtain, saying: "Bless God for his return." In a few minutes she was laid by his side, and, without awaking him, placed her little arm softly across his neck, and, closing her eyes, soon beheld him in the pastime of her innocent dreams. No fire burned on the hearth, not even a rush-light twinkled, but the moonshine filled the chamber with a sweet, solemn, and sacred light, and all within was thankfulness, piety, and peace.

"Not yet gone to bed!" said Miles Atherton, with a harsh voice, as he entered the room in that reckless and violent manner habitual to the profligate. His wife was now above the power of fear; no beating at her heart, no trembling in her limbs; for the Comforter had been with her, and there was such an expression of blessedness on her countenance, as the moonlight showed it pale, wan, sunken, but rejoicing, that the wretched intruder was fixed in amazement, and calmed by the unexpected and inexplicable change of every feature. "Look here, my beloved husband,

look here, look here!" and he beheld Alec and Alice fast asleep, and locked in each other's arms. "Yes, father, I love you, forgive you; will you let me kiss you, father?" murmured the boy, buried in a profound dream; and the sweet broken voice brought the sinner on his knees, as if God's own hand had smitten him with sudden death.

Hours past away; and the grey light of dawn saw husband and wife yet kneeling as in morning prayer. Mercy and forgiveness are the attributes of the Eternal, and, like an effluence from his spirit, may be breathed from one human heart to another, destroying both grief and guilt. Remorse had long preyed upon its victim, but now he was delivered up to penitence. Evil found now no abiding-place in his spirit; and after many sudden visits, many ghost-like hauntings and midnight knockings at its gate, forsook it for ever, leaving but a salutary and monitory dread of its return. In a few months the summer flowers were again bright in the garden, and clustering round the porch; and before the summer was gone, as the family, in decent apparel, walked duly every Sabbath to church, the neighbours had almost entirely forgotten how grievously one had erred, and all had been afflicted. But it was on the Sabbath-day that the penitential man most remembered all his sins; and, in its blessed freedom from worldly cares, he then communed with his own heart, and knew that it had been desperately wicked. His son's face was a perpetual memento of his guilt, but one that he loved to look on; and the beauty of returning health on that other face which, in its most deadly wanness, never had upbraided him, reminded him, almost every time it smiled, of the long-continued cruelty that had nearly brought it to the dust. But contrition settled down within his heart; for he felt as if he had finally made his peace with God, and that the past ought to be remembered only for the sake of the future.

R. S.

PATERNAL LOVE.

The coldest heart parental fondness warms,
Its tender claims suspend all mental storms;
And in the father's first extatic kiss,
Dwells mingled gratitude and heartfelt bliss;
The helpless babe his fond affections claim,
And new importance swells the parent's name;
Another tender tie to earth it gives,
A child is born! the suffering mother lives!
Soft and delicious is the joyous thought,
With bliss and gratitude so doubly fraught;
The child and mother his affections share,
Whilst Heaven receives the thankful father's prayer.

Adah.

PARTIES.

——— From the region of the west I heard
New music sound, and a new troop appeared
Of knights and ladies mixed, a jolly band,
They marched, but all on foot, and hand in hand.
Chaucer's Flower and the Leaf.

As I happen to be six feet high and play on the German flute; as I can copy music and open oysters; as I manage dummy *a merveille*, and chess well enough to give a man pleasure in beating me; and as, moreover, I have written two sonnets, one to the moon and the other to a violet, and speak at the academical society, I am, I say, invited to all sorts of parties, and am a pretty general favourite. There are even now five cards for five different sorts of parties, which I am going to remove from my mantel-piece to make room for others, for I always place them on the mantel-piece, not only to remind myself, but all visitors, that on such and such evenings I am engaged.

The first of those requested the pleasure of Mr. T——'s company to a small evening party. This, I of course knew, meant it would be as large a one as the hostess could get; because these are the usual annoyances of the season, and are, perhaps, the most tolerable. Ladies in pink satin slips, and gentlemen in tight pantaloons; ices and fiddles; waltzing and punch *à la Romaine;* chalked floors and trifles; chandeliers and pigeon-pies, certainly carry away two or three hours rather agreeably than otherwise. *Oh! si sic omnia!*

The next was what is called a musical party, all "rumblante, tremblante, and quiverante." Victim after victim is here led up to the piano-stool, her temple bound with a fillet of roses; in vain does she struggle, in vain protest that she is not in voice; the book is placed before her; she begins, she goes on, she finishes; the usual quantity of applauses is heard, and the same scene is again acted; "another and another still succeeds," and the line stretches to "the crack o'doom." Nobody must venture on conversation during the songs, and the interval is filled up by variations of—four sharps,—*Ricciardo e Zoraide*, and Mr. B———'s plagiarisms!

The third card gave me to know that Lady S—— was at home, on the sixth. This is the most uncomfortable of all. There is no attention shown in asking you, for every body is asked who can hire a hackney coach, and wear a decent coat. You walk about the rooms, wondering what you are to do, and meeting every body, but speaking to no one; in one of the rooms, always the fullest, are some sandwiches, some lemonade, and a maid

servant, and here you must make your supper: if Lady S—— is at home, you are not: you have the chance, to be sure, of being mistaken for a peer: but you, in return, may discover that your imaginary duke is only a newspaper reporter. If these are the most fashionable parties, they are also the cheapest, it being reckoned that you can, at any time, see five hundred people for five guineas. I should mention that the raps at the door are of great consequence; for although fifty coaches may come in a line, each footman is obliged to thunder before he can gain admittance. This is, I understand, to inform the neighbourhood of the party; each peal going to the heart of some rival in the next street.

A conversazione claimed my company on the next evening, and here, to make up for the want of it on the preceding night, there was talk enough for a century; but books must be the theme; and the greatest bore of these parties is what is called a very superior young woman. Most other young ladies we know exactly what to do with; for we know their answers before we put the questions. Mr. Moore? "beautiful!" Lord Byron? "wicked!" *Chapeau de Paille?* "divine!" Mister Irving? "striking! pity he squints!" But your "superior young lady" is singular; generally been to Paris, and probably to Rome; she dresses her hair like nobody else: she corrects all your foreign pronunciations; she makes charades, and keeps an album; she won't dance, and hates romances; and she is versed in "all mathematical, hydrostatical, and diabolical instruments."

I now come to the fifth party, which is, by far, the most dull of all; it being the family party. These rarely occur above once a year, and there is then a general assemblage of all "whom it may concern." There is generally some very pious aunt, whom the family wish to keep well with; and cards and dancing are therefore banished. You must, consequently, either sit upright in your chair, or amuse yourself with forfeits, cross questions, hot cockles, or any other little innocent amusements. Every now and then some strong-throated cousin breaks through the sleepiness of the evening by a furious "Nid, nid, noddin;" two others are then called upon to thump the duet entitled, "The Fall of Paris;" and the entertainment is generally wound up by "The Battle of Prague." I do not think that I am particularly gluttonous, but really, it is always a great relief to me to see the door thrown open, and the servants enter, loaded with cake and mulled wine. Thank Heaven! there is enough to eat here. All the visitors do justice to the fare, nor is one found to fall off. At eleven o'clock the coaches of the great people of the family arrive;

the others all declare "they prefer walking;" and thus the kindred separate.

"We parted thus; I homeward sped my way;
——————— then rose to write
The visionary vigils of the night."

T. T.

A FATHER'S DIRGE OVER HIS ONLY CHILD.

Object of hope, and fondest prayer!
Daughter of love, and loveliness!
Sweet rainbow to each storm of care,
And hast thou fled from my caress?

I gazed upon thine infant smile,
Yet would not break thy placid rest;
When thou, a tender babe, the while
Slept cradled on thy mother's breast!

I saw the blush of childhood change
For lovelier bloom, because mature,
And deemed in fancy's heedless range,
For ever would those tints endure.

I viewed thee in thy morn of youth,
That spring of life's just opening day,
Pure as the purity of truth,
And sweet, as innocently gay!

Alas! how false is fancy's hue,
Delusive vapour, yet how fair!
Since sin made sorrow mortals' due,
Nought will it's fatal death-blight spare.

To thee no winter e'er was known,
Save one brief hour of sinless gloom,
Unmarked by thee it's leaves are strown,
Faded and fleeting o'er thy tomb!

STANZAS.

When I met her she triumphed in beauty's power,
And her eye beamed bright, and her bosom beat wild;
She had never known sorrow, no, not for an hour,
She was nature's liveliest, loveliest child!

And, oh, how I joyed when that bright eye beamed,
When that warm bosom throbbed alone for me,
When I'd chased the wild heart, till, fluttering, it seemed
To yield to a willing captivity.

Affliction came o'er her, her eye grew dim,
From the frequent burst of sorrow's shower;
Yet, she was a "minist'ring angel" to him,
Whose joys she had gilded in happier hour.

Oh, never till then I knew the worth
Of woman's love, its power to bless;
Which like the star, shines brightliest forth,
In darkest hour of bitterness!

Charles M.

MUCRUSS ABBEY.

How like an image of repose it looks,
That ancient, holy, and sequestered pile!
Silence abides in each tree-shaded aisle,
And on the grey spire caw the hermit rooks.

DURING a recent visit to the most picturesque part of the south of Ireland, I accompanied a party of friends on an excursion to Mucruss Abbey. This venerable ruin stands on a lonely island in the beautiful lakes of Killarney, and is regarded as an object of great attraction by the good people of the neighbourhood. It is lonely and retired; and its precincts are seldom profaned by the unhallowed intrusion of mortals, unless when some mourning peasants come to deposit, in its vast and gloomy cemetery, the remains of kindred clay. The private entrance to the ruin was through a narrow and closely-wooded pathway, and as we stepped over the gnarled roots of the trees which clogged the road, I experienced a certain indefinable sensation of awe, that intimately convinced me of our approximation to the solemn dormitories of the dead. The abbey, with its large Gothic window wrapped in ivy, as though time had been throwing its most efflorescent garments round the skeletons of mortality, rose before us; and truly its effect was at once grand, solemn, and impressive. The luxuriant grass sprung around us in wild and rich abundance; the yew and the palm-tree flourished in melancholy verdure; and, as we advanced through the massive door-ways, there was a depth of silence on all around, which placed an involuntary restraint upon the gayest inclinations of the breast.

The direction which we had assumed on entering the burial ground brought us to a low Gothic arching, which opened into the body of the abbey. This part of the interior was spacious and sombre; on the right side was a little recess, at whose primitive utility we could not absolutely guess; and farther on was a larger apartment, but, like this, now become the chosen site for the tombs of the more illustrious or more independent. Our passage was frequently interrupted to read the different inscriptions, that were either affixed to the walls or inscribed on the tomb-stones; and, in a general way, we found nothing but the same lying pomp of monumental fame—praise that we read, laughed at, and disbelieved! However, there was *one*, a newer and fairer piece of workmanship than the surrounding slabs, which invited our more complete attention. It was nothing extraordinary in point of execution, but there was something in the fate of her whom it commemorated which seemed particularly to engross the sympathies of my companions. She was beauteous,

youthful, and lovely; the hand of death came upon her "like a thief in the night," and, with little warning, snatched her from health, from friends, and from respectability.—It was "Sacred to the memory of Mrs. ——, erected by a disconsolate husband;" and it was with difficulty I could repress a feeling of intolerable disgust, when I learned, that in the very week in which this tablet was being put up to the virtues of one of the loveliest and most amiable of wives, the "disconsolate husband" was actually conducting another to the altar of Hymen!

While the party were making their observations on the monument and the circumstances connected with it, there was another object which more particularly riveted my gaze, and which had attractions infinitely more to my taste. A few yards before us, and within the same division of the building, was a lonely and half-dilapidated tomb; and by this tomb knelt a female figure, not giving vent to the paroxysms of some immediate sorrow, but rather in the attitude of the profoundest and most fervent prayer. It was twilight; not an individual, save those composing our party, was within the hallowed enclosure; and as, through the indistinctness of the hour, I discovered the form ever and anon uplifting its hands to Heaven, or bending in mute and solemn devotion over the grave, I could not refrain from begging the attention of the lady near me to the singular and romantic object. The blue cloak of the south hung loosely on her, a white handkerchief was twisted round her head and neck, her features were marked equally by age and grief, and as she clasped her hands in the ardour of her aspirations, I thought that there was more devotional feeling and more enthusiasm pourtrayed in her countenance than in that of any upon which I had ever before looked.

The tomb was by no means recent, nor had it even the appearance of having been lately opened; and the expression of her anguish seemed rather that of long-existing suffering, than of unwonted calamity. My curiosity was excited; and, approaching the mourner, I waited until a consciousness of my presence induced her to start from her knees, and, drawing her apron across her eyes, heave a melancholy sigh, and prepare to depart. This, however, was not precisely my object, and, seeking to detain her, I said—

"Perhaps, my good woman, you can inform me whose is *this* tomb? It bears no inscription."

"Ohone! ohone! an was there ever a finer or a betther man in the tree parishes than my own *gragel?* Ohone! 'twas he that wasn't proud nor disdainful nather; and 'twas he that hadn't a

bit of the *gawkeen* about him. Ohone! ohone! what will I ever do?"

I attempted to offer some consolation, but to no purpose.

"Oh, sir, if you but knew him," the mourner continued, "'tis you that would love and like him. 'Twas he, God rest his sowl, and God be good to him this blessed night, that was the poor man's friend. *Signs by*, 'tis every one that is prayen for him. Och! my *lanuv*, my *lanuv* you were!"

This strain, however, had, like all earthly things, an end; and at length, having talked the sybil into something like rationality, she, while the rest of the party were exploring every hole and corner of the ruin, gave me the interesting circumstances which form the following tale of

THE BANSHEE.

In one of the most southern baronies of Munster is situated a well-built and neat little town, in itself remarkable for nothing, except a total want of business, and the number of disengaged naval and military men who have made it their head-quarters. It is, to be sure, in the vicinity of the finest lakes in the world; but their beauty and that of the surrounding country have but little effect on the domestic character of the place. Its streets are better than those of most Irish villages, being clean and well paved; the market-place is always thronged with an overpowering squadron of fish-women and huxterers; while no less than two "club-rooms," or more properly news-rooms, exist, to testify the lounging and literary habits of its natives. There is also a chapel, with a belfry, for the accommodation of the Papists, and a church for the reception of the Protestants; while the good-natured inhabitants are distinguished for nothing more than a laudable propensity for chit-chat, and stricter examination into the affairs of their neighbours than they probably ever devote to their own. But this propensity, I strongly opine, they possess in common with the comfortable burghers of most unoccupied towns. This place is called Lakeville.

Within a mile and a half of this our good city of Lakeville are the insignificant ruins of what had once been a castle. Its lordly tower, its castellated turrets, its threatening battlements, and its frowning arches, were, however, all passed away; they had been melted into ashes by the cannon of the Cromwelian army, and all that now remained of their former splendour was little more than a few moss-grown stones, that were bound together merely by the ivy, which age had thrown around them. Near this shadow of a ruin, some of the modern possessors of the soil had

built themselves a mansion, not indeed to restore the scenes of revelry and merriment, with which those castle walls had often echoed; not indeed to recall the minstrel, the *Bachal* and the *Dresvearlach*—for those days were long since gone by; but more probably from some seeming advantage of situation, or from simple convenience. However this may be, the localities were certainly enviable; for earth, and air, and sea—for glen, and rock, and hill, and vale, had united in giving the prospect all the glorious variety which they individually command; and as a stranger beheld the natural beauties of the scenery and the artificial comforts attached to it, he assuredly would have concluded that the possessor was happy, but the justice of this conclusion remains for our story to develop.

The family of *Rath*-Castle—for, although the structure was, in every particular, distinctly removed from a castle, yet did they attach the name to it from some feudal motives of pardonable vanity—was, in every feature, strictly Irish. In religion and in politics, in name and in descent, they were closely identified with the aborigines of the land: and although the necessary intercourse with the *Sassenach* introduced that refinement, without which existence is a burden, they had not lost the true feelings of an Hibernian heart; nor, while the boor was merged in the gentleman, was the patriot ever forgotten. The chief of the house had, for some years, been gathered to his ancestors, and as his first-born, Donogh O'Sullivan, was then young in his minority, the estates continued, for a considerable period, under the government of his widow—a woman of surpassing cleverness and more than ordinary understanding. Instead of courting the lighter pursuits, which often engage the uncontrolled and the wealthy, she devoted her time to the instruction of her children and the improvement of their prospects. *They* were the constant objects of her solicitude; and, confined to the precincts of the castle and its domain, she lived alternately engaged with the business of their education, and in attempting to assuage her hitherto undiminished regrets for their deceased father.

At the epoch in which our story opens, her eldest son had attained that dangerous season when the passions warm into stronger power, when the will begins to assume a bent of its own, and when an impatience of restraint confesses the near approach of manhood. For the greater part of his youth, he had been nurtured altogether under the maternal eye; and every department of his studies had been watched with that strict attention to the

mental and moral advancement, which should be so sacred a duty in the eyes of every parent.

Notwithstanding the national character of the family, an antipathy to politics, and a respect for the existing government, was one of the earliest and most constant lessons to which the young O'Sullivan was condemned; and, to say sooth, it was the one which made the least impression. Although his natural temperament was warm and inclined to every manly exercise, yet the system of his education excluded all participation in the sports of the field; as that which his mother

> " —— most desired,
> And saw into herself each day before all
> The learned tutors whom for him she hired
> Was, that his breeding should be strictly moral.
> Much into all his studies she inquired,
> And so they were submitted first to her, all
> Arts, sciences, no branch was made a mystery
> To *Donogh's* eyes——"

However, at the time in which we take an interest in his fortunes, he had just returned after spending a few years at college, with his ideas changed and his manners altered; and with a character more formed than that with which he had quitted the paternal roof, does it become our duty to consider him.

Donogh O'Sullivan, at the time we consider him, was one of those individuals whose character, if estimated according to the chimerical and wild opinions which they promulgate as their own, would be pronounced to be extremely well suited to the hero of a romance—soaring above the generality and entirely indifferent to the ordinary usages of his fellow-men. Educated, as I have described him, under the maternal tutelage, it will perhaps seem paradoxical to assert, that he started into manhood divested of the prejudices which a long minority and an age of nursery instruction had attempted to implant. Yet when he found himself about to be initiated in the mysteries of mankind, he offered himself at the temple with a mind as little warped by the influence of previous impressions as could possibly be expected. The opinions which he had been accustomed to revere from his infancy were carefully examined; and as he discovered reason to be, or not to be, their support, he received or rejected them with all that easy independence which characteristically stamps the master mind. In many instances his ideas were too lofty; in none, below the highest principles of gentlemanly feeling. Rationality, good sense, and what the old would designate a *consistent* view of

things, taken in the common acceptation of the terms, were, with him, but of little importance; they had never entered into the train of his studies; and while his time was occupied in extracting all their soul and spirit from the heroics of Virgil or the lyrics of Horace, he had neglected to acquire that sort of knowledge which instructs to accommodate our mode of thinking to that of the vulgar, and which ensures from the probability of becoming spendthrifts, through too much elevation of sentiment.

Mrs. O'Sullivan was distinguished for the cleverness exhibited in her management of the family property as well as for the happy tact with which she governed the dispositions of the lower orders; her *accompt-books* were patterns of exactitude, almost of perfection; and the eye with which she superintended her affairs was that of the most vigilant, and, at the same time, the most generous prudence. These were points not easily attainable, they were points which as yet her son could not be supposed to possess, and indeed they seemed to be an acquisition which he was never destined to inherit. A boyhood of ill health had compelled young O'Sullivan to seek in literature for that amusement which others would have searched for elsewhere; and, consequently, from a very early period, his ideas became formed and his judgment matured. When others had scarce begun to have an opinion of their own, he had already learned to think deeply and philosophically; and while the many of his age laughed their hours away, his were marked by an acuteness of observation, and a degree of reflection, that could not fail to produce considerable effect. While his coevals learned to take a pleasure in the concerns of the country, while they became acquainted with their tenantry and imbibed the necessary interest attached to land proprietorship, his feelings assumed a different tone. He lived amid the tomes of chivalry and the volumes of fancy;—and instead of thumbing the pages of Cocker, his fingers would more frequently turn over those of Shakspeare and of Milton.

With all the warmth and all the fire of his nation, his temper was peculiarly ardent and enthusiastic. Kindling at a word, he had no sooner given vent to the effervescence of the moment than all hostility and rancour melted away; although, where his aversions were established, or where he conceived an insult was intended, he was as moody and implacable as otherwise he could be open-hearted and forgiving.

With this cast of disposition, O'Sullivan possessed talents of a very superior order. His reading was extensive and multifarious; he was born an orator, and had evinced poetic powers of no or-

dinary class. United to these was an intensity of feeling, which is the frequent concomitant of genius, and which governed him with a force irresistible as it was strong. His perception, as I have noticed, was quick and lively; and as it was not absolutely easy to engage his affections, so, when once decidedly caught, *there* would they hang with an endurance and a continuance which neither time, nor absence, nor *opposition*, could diminish or efface! Uneven in his manners, he would at one time be frivolous and gay; at another, silent and reserved: and though far from possessing any positive means of captivating, yet could he make himself agreeable when he felt inclined. At the tea-table or in a mixed coterie, he was almost insignificant: in tête-à-tête conversations he could please, for a short time; but it was when a discussion arose on some favourite topic, literary or political, that his eye would light, his lip curl, and, breathing animation, language would stream in one inexhaustible tide from his tongue; while, as he fancied that he had been successful in the impressions he created, the progress of his triumph would be legible on his brow.

Our hero was now in his nineteenth year, full of anticipation, anxious for the applause of others, and entirely regardless of the difficulties he might have to encounter in meriting that applause. Heir to a large nominal property, his society was generally courted, and conscious

> That every body but his mother deemed
> Him almost man,

he soon began to feel a relish for the world on which he was about to enter.

With such dispositions, and cast in such a mould, it will not seem strange to affirm that Donogh O'Sullivan was *not* formed for happiness. Romantic and high-minded, his opinions could never bow to those of his friends or associates; and composed of materials widely distinct from any of his predecessors, he could not be brought to coincide with the plans of his elder relatives, or to deem that their suggestions were consistent with that which he found essential to the completion of his felicity. That he was little ordained for happiness, no person felt more strongly than he did himself. This was a principle implanted in the very essence of his nature, and this was a truth which the advance of every hour confirmed.—If he were ever to be aroused from his misanthropical propensities, it would be by some extraordinary agent powerfully acting upon him; by some irresistible impulse for which he could not probably account; as the deliberate, common-

place occurrences, which influence the sentiments of the generality, could have no other control on him, than that of exciting his contempt or his scorn.

It was a lovely and luxuriant evening; the sun had just declined, 'mid a sea of crimson glory, to its carnation bed, while it left a variety of farewell blushes to tincture the sides of the hills. Wood, mountain, lake, and sky, were enwrapped in one blaze of "living light," and every instant brought some fresh change to enhance the beauties of the landscape. A stupendous concatenation of mountains locked the waters within their extensive bosom, presenting a natural amphitheatre, the grandest and the most magnificent; while every scene that could occupy the view was equally entire in all its perfections, as though it were the only object on which Nature had lavished its attractions. Gazing on this enchanting picture, with his mind overflowing with the exuberance of its fancies, or suffering under the pangs of its groundless discontents, and musing on the remains of the ancient castle which conferred its name on the spot, stood Donogh O'Sullivan; and his enthusiastic thoughts shaped themselves into a form of discontent. "I am tired," said he, "heartily tired, of my present life. My expectations, they tell me, are good: but what avail they, if I am doomed to lead an honourless life among the untamed deer of these mountains, and the still more unbridled gossippers of Lakeville? Heaven forbid it!"—and, so saying, the young patriot bounded from the ruin, and bent his steps toward the castle.

As O'Sullivan issued from the shrubbery which brought him to the front of the house, he perceived that a carriage had just rolled up to the door. This was nothing novel; although in those days carriages were not become so much an appendage of luxury as they now are; and yet, at the sight, a strange sensation came over Donogh's frame, for which he could not exactly account. It was such a one as precedes the arrival of some calamity, or the occurrence of some event, which will have considerable influence on our fortunes.

On inquiring as to the freightage which the vehicle in question had produced, he learned that Helena O'Driscoll, a female acquaintance of his sister, had just arrived. He had met Miss O'Driscoll before, and, on hearing the intelligence, he could not refrain from exclaiming—

"Oh! there will be something now to relieve the monotony of Rath Castle. By a little endurance, we may, in the present company, drag through another month."

When the hour for dinner arrived, Miss O'Driscoll, notwithstanding the fatigue attendant on travelling, contrived to make her appearance. She chatted and talked of the nonsense of the day, and although our poor hero had assumed his seat near hers, he could not command more courage than sufficed to mutter—"Pleasure of a glass of wine." In the evening he was particularly silent, though not, as Miss O'Driscoll afterwards stated to have been her conviction, through a dislike to her intended visit. The ladies of the family having assembled in a corner near one of the windows, he flung himself into an old-fashioned arm-chair, and not being in one of his most loquacious moods, amused himself by sketching the pretensions of the stranger; and by adding his former knowledge to his present observation, decided on the character in which I shall introduce her to my readers.

Helena O'Driscoll, at the epoch of her visit to Rath Castle, was at that interesting and captivating age when the timidity of youth gives place to the finished elegance of maturer years, and when the beauties of the girl are blooming into the loveliness of the woman.—She had just bid adieu to her *teens*, and it seemed that, with their departure, she had assumed all the acquirements of a lengthened acquaintance with the world. The scarcely-formed delicacy of childhood had yielded to the beautifully-moulded proportions of womanhood; the finish of the countenance was perfected in the regularity of the features; and the tones and the manners of her youth had become emerged in the acquisitions which she had brought off from her intercourse with society. Though far from possessing a title to positive beauty, there was an expression of playful interest about the eye and lip which fully made up for its absence; while her black and deeply-arched brows hung over a pair of large light-blue eyes, that rolled with a degree of animation which bespoke the qualifications of the soul within. Such was the individual, with

> "A soul, too, more than half divine,
> Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
> Religion's softened glories shine,
> Like light through summer foliage stealing;"

who had come to fling a brighter hue round Donogh O'Sullivan's waking dreams.

There are few of my readers who will not readily conceive the short lapse of time which sufficed to convince our hero that he was—in love; and this was a certainty, of which every united circumstance—the total indifference to all where *she* was not, the frequent hours of abstraction which would steal him from every

surrounding object, and centre his feelings on the one ascendant star—equally combined to assure him. It is not my province to enter into the detail of his passion. Its emotions were deep and powerful; such as we generally find those of human hearts to be —and yet perhaps more strongly intermingled with that intense devotedness of feeling which was peculiar to the character of our hero, than affairs of the kind commonly are.

Suffice it for the purposes of my story to tell, that Donogh O'Sullivan loved and—was beloved; or, at least, thought himself so, which, but too frequently, is the same. I shall not say, how wandering through the glens and the woods of his native mountains—or how, sauntering through the fairy isles, which studded the lake, he unburdened his soul, and, on the airiest foundations, built up the most illusive hopes for the future. I shall not say how, as they discussed their wishes and their hopes, Helena would heave a sigh and assure him, from an inward prophetic feeling which she boasted, that their union could never take place, as his mother's opposition would present a barrier insuperable as it was certain. This, however, Donogh could never admit; and, borne along by the warmth and the enthusiasm of his finely-gifted nature, he but little dreamed of future evil, while he enjoyed the present light of her smiles.

The fashionables of Lakeville were, of course, anxiously occupied in conjecture as to the fate and fortunes of our hero; he was a genius, and heir to a nominally large property; and, accordingly, each of the "Twelve Judges," who presided in the high court of Opinion, gave him a very considerable proportion of their examination. A Mr. M'Swiney having some friends in the interests of the learned assemblage, easily became acquainted with their different surmises, and these, under the appearance of kindness, he officiously detailed to his friend; while O'Sullivan continued to implicate himself more deeply by every additional disclosure his confidence induced him to make. Circumstances went abroad, which could not have been gleaned from any ordinary source; and, after having had their proper range of circulation, matters finally reached his mother's ears.

At first she could not or would not credit the intelligence; and it is even hinted that her informants went so far as surreptitiously to procure some letters from Miss O'Driscoll's escritoir, that were made to certify the fact. However, when the circumstance was established beyond a doubt, the widow of Rath Castle was not long in adapting expression to her feelings: *she* could by no means consent that her son should so immediately enter upon the

cares of life, while *he* could as little condescend to resign his pretensions to Miss O'Driscoll. It was impossible that they could agree: and Donogh, resolved on partially surrendering inclination to duty, denounced his friends, his country, and his home.—The warriors of republican France were running their course of blood and of conquest: O'Sullivan's tone of feeling was martial and chivalrous; and, accordingly, having found his fondest hopes so decidedly crossed, he determined on joining the continental armies.

It was a fine evening in the healthy month of September, when Donogh communicated his intentions to Helena. A domestic party had assembled to celebrate her return from Lakeville, and harp and song, swelling in all the power of mingled harmony, lent their assistance to charm the hours away, when it was his painful office to inform her *that* was probably the last time they should ever meet!

"Necessity obliges us to part," said he. "Is it possible that when I am stretched on the field of death, or dashing through the heaps of surrounding slain, you will ever think on the hours we have spent together?"

"What do you think?" she replied, half smiling.

"I dare not attempt to guess; but were I to imagine that I should not be entirely forgotten, should I be almost right?"

"Perhaps so!" was the vague rejoinder, as if blushing to confess the truth.

"However this be," Donogh resumed, "I shall be contented if *you* continue the same, and if no length of time will induce you to alter your sentiments. Then shall I go, without a pang, to see what fortune other shores may bring."

"Ah, Donogh," she interrupted, "you but little know me if you could imagine that where my word is once pledged I could ever violate it. However, before *three months* have expired, your feelings will have undergone a mighty revolution: you will have forgotten my existence; and if you do remember me, it will be only to say—that Helena has prophesied all this."

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON A LONG-EXPECTED DAY SPENT PLEASANTLY.

Farewell, farewell, long looked-for day—
Sweet traveller, good night!
I would not have thee longer stay
To cloy me with delight!
Nor will I ask thee why so fast?—
The present who would hold?—
It is the past, the glowing past,
That forms the age of gold! H.

THE WINDOW.

Rare are the charms found in reality; fabulists have placed Truth at the bottom of a well, and it must be confessed that if disguise sits ill upon her, nudity renders her but a melancholy object. The idea of that painter is well worthy of admiration, who covered the face of a distressed mother with a veil. It is imagination alone which lends attraction to the things of this life, and surrounds them with a charm we do not wish to be deprived of: the moment we lose these illusions we cease to be happy.

There is now living a woman whom I have never seen, and have heard but little spoken of; but what I have heard of her has made me very thoughtful; and my imagination has decked her out with a thousand graces, giving to her beauty, wit, and every enchanting quality. I believe, really, that I would refuse to be more intimately acquainted with her; I should fear she would not turn out to be what I have made her, and I love my dreams better than mortifying truths.

I was walking, a few days ago, up a short street at the west end of the town, in which were some very handsome houses, inhabited, no doubt, by men on whom Fortune had been pleased to lavish her choicest favours. It was late in the evening; a house splendidly lighted up, numerous carriages before the door, the sound of musical instruments, and a confused murmur of voices, gave notice of a grand assembly. I easily guessed that there were many persons who were polite without being pleased, and were weary of the ceremony of giving their hand to those for whom they felt not one spark of friendship. I past hastily by, happier in my independent solitude, and prouder, most likely, than any one of those beings who had assembled together from custom, were worn out by satiety, and were painfully struggling against the misery of not experiencing any real want, or from not being able to form a wish.

The neighbouring house was dark; without doubt, its splendid owners were gone out to seek that amusement which they could not find at home. One single window, in one of the upper stories, was feebly lighted; I began to consider it, and I sought to discover who could be the inhabitant of that dwelling.

A light curtain hung in elegant and simple drapery over the window, and afforded an indistinct view of part of the room. I felt some pleasure in thinking that some one might be found there who was possessed of ideas like my own, who was fond of tasting the repose attached to solitude, and preferred a calm asylum to all the tumult of the world.

Perhaps it might be a young man who was preparing by long watchings his future renown; it might be the writer for a daily paper, who was correcting the proof of that column which would die on the same day when it was first brought forth; it might be a lawyer, who was finishing a period to what he must set forth the next day to an irritable and impatient judge, or a short-hand writer revising the distracting arithmetic of the budget; an old, gouty man, counting his treasures, and doubting the sincerity of his nephew, who was his heir; or a poor comedian, mournfully conning over the buffoonery which he was compelled to play in spite of himself.

In the balcony were several pots of flowers; I perceived in the interior of the apartment a glass, and a small work-table placed against the window, and I judged, by the little light I saw, that there was only one wax-light burning. Doubtless, I had been wrong in all my conjectures; it was the dwelling of a female, it was she who loved to cultivate those flowers, that sat in the morning to make up a bit of gauze, and bows of satin riband; but what was she about at this hour? Perhaps she was thinking, with sorrow, on the mournful ills of life; she might be regretting an absent friend, and shedding in secret those tears she chose not that the world should witness; she was praying for the future to comfort her for all the grief she endured in the present and the past. I perceived no movement, a total silence pervaded all around her. Oh! how I should love to have disturbed her solitude, to hear the recital of her sorrows, to calm them if I could, and to restore to her those illusions which had fled from her, to tell her that she might yet meet with a sincere friend, a heart which beat in unison with her own, and lips that knew not deceit!

But I perceived a shadow against the window; some one approached and undrew the curtain. Yes, it was a female; what a graceful carriage, what a pretty hand did she place on the muslin which covered the panes of glass, as her head reclined, so sweetly pensive, that her looks might captivate beyond! I know not what secret pleasure I felt at seeing her, and in following all her movements. She was certainly waiting for somebody; she was fearful, perhaps, that the severe weather had prevented him from coming; she wished to see him advancing, impelled by that instinct which causes us to go forward to meet a desired object, whose presence we desire. Her impatience affected me, and yet, I know not why, I wished her not to have her wishes satisfied; an inexpressible jealousy tormented me; how happy is he whose remembrance occupies this youthful and beautiful imagination. How can he

make himself to be waited for? Ought he not to have been before his time? Cruel man! He is beloved, and he comes not.

She went away, and soon after the room appeared in all its former immobility. Ought I to remain there any longer? Could I hope to gain any fresh discovery? But what did I see? Another shadow, taller; and passing, more rapidly, several times before the window: she was not alone; the light changed its situation, it was carried to the farther end of the room, and after a few minutes was placed again on the chimney-piece. He went out; as I wished to see him, I waited for that purpose; I shall read in his looks the secret of his heart, I shall know if he has been made happy, I shall guess what now has escaped my ideas.

But, no, their secret does not belong to me—I do not wish to know it—I had rather remain in ignorance; I may yet believe that she was visited only by a brother, or some old friend of her family; and, perhaps, I may go again and sigh under her window, give an explanation to all her movements, embody every shadow, according to my own opinion, and read her history through the glass of her window. Uncertainty gives me pleasure; I will name to no one the place where I saw her; I wish not to know who she is; if any one loves her, if he forsakes her, I shall, certainly, feel sorry; and I had rather leave to my imagination the care of surrounding her with its reveries, and creating for her a happy, if only a visionary existence.

SIMPLICIUS.

DISCONTENT.

Oh, man! 'midst every blessing thou art poor,
And though possessing much, still sighs for more;
Will not the joys of life, so kindly given,
Implant in thee the peace which springs from Heaven—
But must that murmuring heart of thine complain,
E'en the just deeds of thy great God arraign,
And every blessing thou hast had in life,
Be poisoned by thy discontented strife?
Yet turn we where we will, 'tis still the same,
Few men are happy, when they've nought to blame;
Since nothing they can find in nature's laws,
They bind each other's deeds and blame the cause;
Dissatisfied with every work of man,
The slightest foibles they most keenly scan;
E'en 'midst a nation's peace they'll cry *reform*,
And raise a tumult to avoid a storm
Which is but threatened in the gloomy eye,
With more illusion than reality;
'Twere well if such could cease from angry strife,
And learn content, the sweetest balm of life.

ADAH.

MY GRANDFATHER'S GARDEN.—NO I.

MY GRANDFATHER.

ALTHOUGH the active spirit of enterprize is abroad, converting the solitudes of the country into scenes of manufacturing industry and restless commerce, there are still remote spots in the southern part of the kingdom free from the unhallowed intrusion of money-getters. Dovedale is one of these; an unfrequented thoroughfare, which connects two distant mail-coach roads, passes through this retired village, and this now and then occasions a solitary stranger to pay it a visit. The village, as the name imports, stands in a valley; a river of tolerable size wends its way silently through it; and a very pretty little bridge, on the north side, gives a certain picturesque value to the stream. The dale being peculiarly fruitful, it always wears the aspect of comfort and industry; the fields are well cultivated, and there is a great abundance of trees—ash, beech, and chesnut. The cottages retire, with becoming humility, from the road, and have in front a green-painted railing, through which obtrude the rambling branches of jessamine, rose-trees, and other sweet-smelling shrubs: the casements, too, of the houses are mostly environed by some climbing plant; and the more tasteful of the inhabitants have their doors guarded by a simple trellis-work, which serves to support a vine, in the form of a canopy. The church literally tops the neighbouring hill, and midway between the temple of God and the village stands the house of my grandfather.

It was once ornamented with turrets, which gave it a castellated appearance, but, in accordance with the peaceable disposition of the proprietor, these warlike-looking appendages have long since been removed. At a winding of the road, when you have passed the church, an opening in the wall admits you to a full view of what was formerly called, in a spirit of ostentation, the front; but the usual entrance, in latter days, is from the village, by a serpentine avenue well shaded with lofty trees. An air of substantial comfort and wealthy independence is diffused over all; and the arrangement of the shrubs and flowers in the immediate neighbourhood of the house evinces a cultivated taste, and an eye accustomed to regularity.

The proprietor is now in his sixty-eighth year; but he has led a life of such temperance and repose, that he looks at least ten years younger than he really is. His habitual urbanity has diffused over his countenance an air of happy contentment; his cheerfulness is unceasing; and his good nature is perpetually breaking out in acts of kindness towards all who approach him.

His domestics have grown grey in his service; like their master, they are strangers to the fiercer passions of our nature; and their countenances bespeak an inward repose never agitated by those circumstances which leave their traces on the brows of the less fortunate. My grandfather is, of course, a general favourite: the villagers humour his eccentricities—for he is not without his peculiarities—and though his decisions, as a magistrate, resemble, in some instances, those of the renowned companion of the Knight of La Mancha, they are unhesitatingly submitted to. If they are not always legal they are never unjust; and, indeed, to tell the truth, he is guided more by his sense of what is right than by the strict letter of Acts of Parliament. The consequence is, lawsuits have never cost the good people of Dovedale a single shilling during the last forty years, and litigation has never been carried farther than my grandfather's parlour. Being no sportsman, there are no preserves on his estate; and it is wonderful what an enemy to poaching is the absence of game. Hares and partridges—there are hardly any pheasants—are the property of him who can catch or kill them; and if any one feel a disposition to devote his time to such pursuits, my uncle permits him to follow the employ for a season, because he knows experience will soon convince such short-sighted persons how much more profitable it is to rear tame animals than to snare wild ones. By this means the morality of his tenantry are preserved; and though just, he is rigid, and whoever insults public opinion is certain to feel his displeasure. To enable him to enforce his resolutions he grants no leases: his tenants hold at will; but they all know that good conduct is better than a lease.

It is pleasant, as Sterne observes, to look upon happy human faces, and my grandfather, in seeing others happy, feels a mental pleasure of a very exquisite kind: he frequently walks through the village, talks to the children, and encourages or commends their parents; eager to administer to this amiable propensity of his, the good people of Dovedale are in the habit of watching his approach on Sunday to church; and, like Sir Roger de Coverley, he marches towards the aisle through a lane of grateful, smiling peasantry.

He is, however, by no means ostentatious: he does not court popularity: he has another source of enjoyment of which nothing but death can deprive him—for I verily believe that no kind of illness could keep him from his garden. Here he spends his days—and a great part of his nights: he is to be seen in it before sunrise, and after sunset; he communes with trees and flowers, and

he declares that the silent conversations he has held with them has made him a wise—a happy man. "They talk," he says, "of the science of surgery being inimical to infidelity; it may be so, but I should think anatomy opposed to humane ideas; horticulture is certainly more favourable to devotional sentiments; it is a science about which there is nothing repulsive—in which every thing excites to admiration and cheerfulness. The elements all combine to gratify and charm; and, with a goodness unequalled, the Omnipotent has made the gardener almost a creator: under his hand seeds assume the most wonderful and the most beautiful forms; and the smallest, as well as the largest, plant is a thing of mystery which provokes veneration and awe. The senses, too! how delightfully does the garden administer to them. The Almighty placed the first pair in a garden: here their love was born and matured; and to rove for ever amid pendant fruits and bursting flowers was to be the rich reward of obedience.

"The greatest and best of mankind," he proceeds, for he is partial to the subject, "were fond of a garden. Where can man walk for harmless recreation, but where the earth has most lavishly put on the ornaments of spring and summer? Spring invites to rural enjoyment; and he who has not got a garden is without the only paradise which human nature admits of. The great Sully was partial to gardens; his biographer tells us, that "the life he led in his retreat at Villebon was accompanied with grandeur and even majesty, such as might be expected from a character so grave and full of dignity as his. His table was served with taste and magnificence; he admitted to it none but the nobility in his neighbourhood, some of the principal gentlemen, and the ladies and maids of honour, who belonged to the duchess of Sully. He often went into his gardens, and passing through a little covered alley, which separated the flower from the kitchen garden, ascended by a stone staircase into a large walk of linden trees, upon a terrace on the other side of the garden. It was then the taste to have a great many narrow walks, very closely shaded with four or five rows of trees, or palisadoes. Here he used to sit upon a settee painted green, amused himself with beholding on the one side an agreeable landscape, and on the other a second alley on a terrace extremely beautiful, which surrounded a large piece of water, and terminated by a wood of lofty trees."

The great philosopher, Bacon, declares that "a garden is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man." How well he appreciated the productions of

the horticulturists may be learned from his own words. "That flower," he says, "which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air, is the violet. Next to that is the musk rose, then the strawberry-leaves, dying with a most excellent cordial smell. Then sweet-briar, then wall-flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlour or lower chamber window. But those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three, that is burnet, wild thyme, and water-mints. Therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread."

It was the same amongst the philosophers of antiquity: Plato held his school in a kind of garden at Athens, and Epicurus passed his time wholly in a garden. Poets, in all ages, have praised gardens; Petrarch, in a spirit of laudable envy, hoped that his garden had no rival in Italy; and Pope loved his garden for the placid enjoyment the scene afforded—it was a place, he states, "where one finds no disappointment." Many persons have chosen to be buried in their gardens. I do not think I shall convert mine into a cemetery, although I have placed in it some dozen tablets to the memory of those I reverence and love.

When he comes to this part of his eulogy on gardens, he never fails to give you the history of those friends to whom he has erected tasteful memorials. So ardent an admirer of horticulture has, of course, a beautiful garden; it really is a wilderness of sweets, and, as I have spent ten years of my life in running through its mazes, I am perfectly familiar with its varied beauties. In infancy, I had the good fortune to please my grandfather and grandmother; and to such dear relatives, so tender and so fond, I was willingly surrendered. They have watched with a wakeful affection over my youth; and I owe to them a world of gratitude. I love them both with an ardent liking, but I must confess, that my grandfather has the larger portion of my affection. His tenderness, his humanity, and even his eccentricities, excite more than filial regard; and as I wish to make known beyond the limits of Dovedale his many virtues, I shall from time to time record, in the "Ladies' Museum," some traits of his character, identified with his garden, which, I believe, will not want the merit of novelty to recommend them.

ELIZA.

SCRAPS FROM HISTORY.—NO. II.

ENGLISH HONOUR.

At the siege of Barcelona, when the governor was on the walls in treaty with the English general, there was an alarm sounded within the city. The governor accused the general of an attempt to surprise him. The English protested their innocence, and suggested that it must arise from an incursion of their German allies, and proposed to enter the city, with the governor's permission, and chase them out, after which they promised to return before the walls and finish the treaty. The governor consented. The gates were thrown open to the English, who rushed in and delivered the city from their barbarous companions, and having driven them out at an opposite gate, they proceeded to resume their former position, and to finish the treaty with the governor.

CHIVALRIC BRAVERY.

In the time of Peter, King of Arragon, when the Spanish admiral, Roger de Luria, a templar, arrived at the port of Malta, where was the fleet of Marseilles; having taken the provincials by surprise, some of his men cried out, "Now fall on." "God forbid," said he, "that I should attack them while they sleep; let the trumpet sound, and I shall wait till they are ready. Men shall not be able to say that I attacked sleeping men." They all cried out, "The admiral has well spoken."

GENEROSITY.

At the grand entertainment given by Louis de Clermont, Duc de Bourbon, at Moulins, on returning to his duchy, in 1369, after his imprisonment of eight years in London, when he had publicly thanked his knights and vassals for their loyalty during the interval, Huguenin Chauveau, his agent, suddenly rose up and advanced through the hall, bearing an immense book, which he presented to the duke, saying that it contained the list of all persons who had refused to pay their taxes, and who had trespassed and committed injuries upon his domains during his absence. At these terrible words the whole assembly was thrown into consternation, but the duke soon dispelled all fears. "Chauveau," said he, with a severe tone, "have you also kept a list of the services which my vassals have rendered me?" With these words he seized the book and threw it upon the vast fire in the centre of the hall, where it was consumed in the flames.

A MERRY MONARCH.

One morning, in the winter of 1288, Rodolph of Hapoburgh being at Maintz with his troops, went out in plain clothes, and,

as it was very cold, entered a baker's house to warm himself. The baker's wife, not knowing him, muttered between her teeth, "Methinks soldiers might very well keep out of the way of poor folks!" Upon which the emperor said, "O my good woman, do not envy me this little fire; I am an old soldier who have spent my all in serving the avaricious Rodolph, who only allows me common necessaries." "That serves you very right," said the baker's wife; "what makes you serve men who lord it over all, and grind us poor bakers in Maintz to the ground." Rodolph was going on to defend himself, when she hastily threw water upon the fire, and made such a thick smoke in the house that the king was glad when he got out of the door. At dinner that day he told the merry tale, and sent a boar's head and a flask of wine to the woman, who came back trembling when she heard that the soldier was the kaiser himself, and begged for pardon. Rodolph granted it upon condition that she would relate all that passed before the company, and not leave out how she scolded him, which made all the court to laugh heartily, so he sent her away.

PIOUS COURTESY.

The fortress of Chateau-neuf-de-Randon was surrendered to the French almost out of respect to the memory of Du Guesclin, whose valour had animated the besiegers, and who died of a fever before the day which had been fixed upon by both parties for the surrender of the English garrison. During the illness of the constable, and as soon as the physician had declared that his life was in danger, the besieged, that is the English, whose fate had been determined by his life, when they were informed of his situation, instantly proclaimed public prayers, and implored God that he would restore an enemy, so formidable indeed to them, but so full of virtue, so good, so generous in victory, that they would consider it a glory if it was to him they must surrender. These are passages of history which alternately gratify and astonish.

HOW TO BREAK A LEAGUE.

William, eighth Earl of Douglas, in 1451, having been invited by King James the Second to Stirling Castle, and splendidly entertained, the monarch, after supper, took him aside into a secret chamber, and there proceeded to remonstrate with him concerning a rebellious league he had entered into with the Earls of Crawford and Ross. The haughty Douglas positively refused to break the confederacy; when the king drew a short sword and stabbed him, exclaiming, "If you will not break this league, I shall."

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The publishing season will shortly draw to a close; and, as yet, we cannot pronounce it eminently successful. The great political question which has just been set at rest absorbed, during its protracted discussion, public attention, to the exclusion of literary matters; and the exhaustion consequent upon its final adjustment, has produced a general disposition among our statesmen to make the present session of parliament a very short one. The fashionable world are, therefore, likely to retire rather early to their rural retreats, but still publishers comfort themselves with the conviction that new books will find them, even in the recesses of the country.

If the season, however, has not been profitable, it has been somewhat productive. Amidst a large quantity of what may be deemed a shade below mediocrity, there have been many works of decided merit. The novels have been comparatively good, and amongst the best we may reckon "Traits of Travel, or Tales of Men and Cities," by Mr. Grattan, the author of "Highways and Byways." Like his former production these tales evince an acute discernment of passing life, and great descriptive powers: he brings distant scenes before us with wonderful distinctness; and pourtrays individual characters with considerable facility; but he wants combining powers: his plots are meagre; and the conclusion seldom corresponds with the promise which is implied in the mystery that enshrouds the opening of the tale. This defect in Mr. Grattan's "Traits of Travel" is, in a great measure, atoned for in a vivid and clear style, and a literary tact which knows how to make the most of every thing.

"Clouds and Sunshine" is a small volume which contains six tales, or rather narratives, all of which possess considerable merit. A feeling of great moral propriety runs through the volume, and, independent of its useful purport, it is extremely amusing.

Our military friends have not yet exhausted their stores of anecdote and mess wit; Major Beamish has just published, in three smart volumes, "Peace Campaigns of a Cornet;" and though he is neither very brilliant nor very droll, his work may serve to beguile a tedious hour beyond the limits of the barrack, provided the reader be a soldier. The major, like too many other story-tellers, is in the habit of laughing at his own facetiousness before others are aware of the risible point; there is, too, an occasional military candour, not very edifying, about him,

and a little too much of low life in those parts of the work intended to be excessively humorous.

Of a somewhat similar tendency is "Ecarte; or the Salons of Paris." The author, we understand, though a military man, does not rank even as high as a cornet; and, however well-inclined he may have felt to enter into the more objectionable gaieties of Paris, he proves, in the work before us, that he was never permitted to mingle in the very questionable society, the manners of which he has undertaken to describe. The work is totally devoid of interest.

If soldiers find it necessary to fly, from the fatigue of having nothing to do, for relief to the press, why should not students, who are necessarily more conversant with literature, avail themselves of so convenient a remedy against the horrors of *ennui*. Mr. Stringer, at all events, seems to have thought so, for we have now before us two neat little volumes of "prose and verse," entitled, "A Cantab's Leisure." The poetry is full of promise, and the essays and sketches are characteristic and entertaining, abounding in evidence of an amiable heart and a healthy understanding. Many of the best of them we have, however, read before, with considerable pleasure, in "Arliss's Pocket Magazine," to which it appears Mr. Stringer has been a contributor. It argues well for the "march of intellect," when articles from so small a publication can bear to be transplanted to a more ambitious volume; and it is not less extraordinary that, notwithstanding the excellence of the contributions, this little magazine contains embellishments designed by Corbould and engraved by Rolls, and is nevertheless sold at *sixpence!*

The "Memoirs of General Miller" have arrived at a second edition. The general has been literally the author of his own greatness. His father was, and is still, we believe, a baker in the town of Maidstone, in Kent; but, notwithstanding his humble occupation, he contrived to give his son an education which has led to his promotion in life. The general first served in a subordinate capacity in our army in Spain; and at the termination of the war offered his services to the republicans of South America. They were accepted; and he distinguished himself in more states than one. Important trusts were reposed in him, and he seems to have acted, on all occasions, with the utmost bravery, and the greatest honour. The work details not only his own career, but a history of the rise and progress of the various republics.

There has appeared, from the pen of Count Segur, a "History of Russia and of Peter the Great." It is executed with the

count's usual ability, and conveys much curious information respecting a country to which attention has recently been much directed. It is decidedly the best history of Russia that has yet appeared.

This is the age of marvels! A young lady, in her teens we believe, has favoured the world with some abstruse metaphysical discussions under the title of "The Origin of Man." Brown or Stewart has not been more profound; and, although we cannot say that we exactly comprehend her meaning, we have no hesitation in asserting that the work exhibits talents, which, if employed on a more congenial and practical subject, could not fail to be properly appreciated.

"A Natural History of Enthusiasm" has recently appeared: it is full of curious and instructive matter. The author has evidently studied the subject deeply; and the knowledge he has acquired loses none of its interest by his manner of displaying it.

Spring is proverbially the season of song; and, of course, we have abundance of poetry. The first on our list is a volume entitled "Repentance, and other Poems," the production of Miss Mary Anne Brown; and like her former work, "Ada," it displays considerable poetical talents. The versification is harmonious and diversified; the imagery is poetical; and the selection of the subjects is very creditable to the fair writer's taste.

"The Doom of Derenzie," by the late Thomas Furlong, is of a more ambitious and decided character. It is the posthumous production of a highly gifted mind, which, like the evanescent flower that blooms and dies in one revolving sun, was extinguished almost as soon as its powers were developed. Mr. Furlong, we are informed in the preface, was a native of Dublin, where he died in July, 1827, much regretted by the reigning literati of the place. He was then in his thirty-third year, and had written, it appears, largely for the higher classes of the periodicals. His poems have not, as yet, been collected, and "The Doom of Derenzie" was only passing through the press when he died. The poem is of considerable length, and of a somewhat domestic character; it addresses itself to the most salutary feelings of the human heart, and possesses a power and an interest which the more romantic fictions of the day could not communicate. The hero is a character quite new to us; neither Lady Morgan nor Mr. Banim has rendered us familiar with an Irish fairy-man; and, we believe, this is the first instance in which his portrait has been given to the English public. We are tempted to extract a portion of it.

" Around his shoulders, with a tightened fold,
Stretched a long mantle, dark, and worn, and old;
Nor fur, nor binding marked its edge within,
Save where some velvet smoothed it for the chin!
This, at the borders, had been placed with care,
And two light polished clasps were added there.
" Loose and ungartered o'er his ancles lay
His well-wrought hose, that looked of dusky grey;
Firm in his grasp a hazel staff he bore,
With many a mystic carving covered o'er.—
He paused, and high from o'er his brow he drew
His hat, of form antique and faded hue;
And slowly, solemnly, he made that sign
By some despised—by many deemed divine."

" — — — he was
One upon whom the credulous race around
Looked with strange veneration, not withal
Affectionate; but of that servile sort
In lowliest fear engendered.
Few there were,
'Midst the young group frequenting rural wake
Or village fair, that, in their mood of mirth,
By word or wandering gesture, would have ventured
To trifle with Old Wrue! his air and tone
Dropt as a spell on all, and withered up
The wonted springs of gaiety; the smile
Passed in his presence from the liveliest cheek,
And the young jest died struggling:—every circle,
O'er which his dark unholy shadow moved,
Felt, in that joyless hour, a creeping gloom
Whose influence awed the giddiest: he was held
As one of those on whom the hand of fate,
In some portentous moment, had imprest
A mystic mark—one singled from his kind,
In favour or in hatred, and invested
With powers that haply none may shun or seek."

This being, fearfully mysterious, is made to act a principal part in the poem; and the poet has contrived to sustain the interest which he excites to the very last line. As a mere tale, "The Doom of Derenzie" possesses all the advantages of an ingenious fiction; and to this is superadded the charms of the most exquisite poetry—breathing the finest pathos and the sublimest sentiments. Mr. Furlong was a poet, in the exact sense of the word: his soul seems to have glowed with a passionate love of nature; and he painted, as he felt, vividly and correctly. Were merit alone a sufficient recommendation, the "Doom of Derenzie," we are certain, would become popular.

"The Age," a poem, in eight books, is a professed imitation of Cowper's "Task;" but alas! the writer is influenced by a spirit very different from that which animated the gentle muse of

his prototype. In a cynical vein of ill-humour, he scatters censure around him with an unsparing hand; and finds fault alike with the press, the church, and the theatre.

And speaking of the theatre reminds us of an article which we intend to write on the present state of the drama. The preceding month, however, presented nothing novel, except the oratorios. These were numerously attended, and exhibited the usual display of talent. Most of the singers were old favourites; but we observed one fair candidate for vocal fame—Miss Latham. This young lady, on the 10th, at Covent Garden, sang *Di Tanti Palpiti*, from *Il Tancredi*, in a style which elicited much deserved applause, and we have no doubt that she is destined to become a vocal favourite.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

WALKING DRESS.

A DRESS of gros de Naples, the colour of the marshmallow-blossom, with one deep flounce round the border of the skirt, headed by Vandyck points in narrow rouleaux. The body made high, and quite plain, with sleeves *en gigot*, confined at the wrists by broad bracelets of gold. A broad collar of fine muslin, trimmed round by a double frill of lace, falls over the shoulders from the throat, and is fastened in front by a bow and ends of blue riband. A bonnet is worn with this dress of ethereal-blue gros de Naples, with ornaments of the same, and pink ribands. A *mentonnière* of blond fastens the bonnet under the chin.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of amber-coloured satin, trimmed at the border with an embossed Greek ornament in divided notches, each square finished by a narrow ruche of white blond. The body, *à la Roxelane*, made low, with a paladin cape-collar, notched to answer the ornament on the border, and trimmed also round by a narrow ruche of white blond. The hair arranged *à la Grecque*, on the summit of the head, and in the fantasia style in front; a bandeau next the face on one side, and light curls on the other. A *bourrelet* of hair is placed over these, obliquely across the head, entwined with pearls, and the Greek *fusée*, on the summit, is also surrounded by strings of pearls, interspersed with full-blown roses. The ear-pendants are of pear-pearls.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

Concerts, during the season of Lent, took place of balls, and were attended by the most distinguished members of rank and

WALKING DRESS. EVENING DRESS.

THE LADIES COSTUME FOR MAY 1829.

Published by James Robins & Co London.

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fashion. During the short Easter recess passed in the country by the higher orders, several juvenile balls were held, on a limited scale, at their opulent mansions. London is now completely thronged with all those who give life and activity to trade; and the elegant purveyors to the female toilet find ample employment for those abilities which we are proud to say, when speaking of our compatriots, may, at this period, be deemed unrivalled.

Plaid dresses, in sarsenet or gros de Naples, of the true tartan kind, are much worn in home costume and in half dress. The corsages of these dresses are made partially low, and a narrow collar, *à la paladin*, surrounds the tucker; this, which is broader over the shoulders than at the back and front, is there cleft, and, as it falls over, forms mancherons over the sleeves. Dresses of white crape for the ball-room have short sleeves, with the corsage *à la vierge*; round which is a double falling tucker of blond, not very full, except on each shoulder: these ball-dresses, which are not of the kind actually worn at full dress balls, are very simply trimmed at the border; merely by three broad bias folds, each headed by a satin rouleau: a pointed belt of satin encircles the waist, and buckles behind. All long sleeves, whether white or of the same material as the dress, are extremely full, and are only confined at the wrist by the bracelet or wristband. No trimming is reckoned so elegant for evening dresses as blond, broad flounces of which expensive material decorate the borders of gowns of satin and gros de Naples; and on those that are of dark or lively colours, this kind of ornament has the most splendid effect. Dresses of white or of pink crape, the former ornamented with silver, and the latter with flowers and foliage, are much admired at full-dress balls and grand evening parties. Shawl dresses, of a fine and soft texture, with two deep flounces, each edged with a narrow brocaded riband of similar colours to the dress, but more frequently with one which, though strikingly different, is yet suitable, are the newest gowns for home costume; for which style of parure, chintzes are also much in request. For the breakfast table, tunic-robes and petticoats of very fine India muslin are deemed the most elegant; the tunic is short, not descending quite so low as the head of the deep flounce which surrounds the border of the petticoat.

Pelisses of satin, of the most delicate spring colours, grace the carriages of the titled and opulent. For the promenade a Thibet shawl, or a black velvet pelerine, richly trimmed with blond, is most prevalent. Cloaks are very much worn, especially in open carriages, to which they are well adapted; we even see them pre-

vailing at the promenade; but they are of a summer kind and a new form; all tie down at the base of the waist behind, and have arm-holes, which render them more convenient for walking; and though we do not find them so graceful as those which wrap elegantly over the form, yet they are very appropriate for the cool mornings and evenings of spring. They are all of silk, of light summer colours; the hood is entirely exploded, so useful an appendage in the winter mantles, and the capes of the new cloaks are immensely large. The pelisses for walking are made very plain, and are of the wrapping kind: we never see any other ornament on them, except one row, perhaps, of passementerie, or a narrow rouleau, over the broad hem at the border.

At the grand parties lately given in high life at the court end of the town, the jewellery was superb, and diamonds, in profusion, adorned the hair of many ladies of distinction: pearls, and other valuable articles, with flowers, ornamented the heads of the more juvenile part of these brilliant societies. Berets of coloured crape, and turbans of gold and silver gauze, with white plumage, graced the heads of our matrons. The hair is arranged higher on the summit of the head than is accordant with good taste, and is seldom becoming to any style of countenance or feature. Sometimes a plait of hair is crossed over each temple, and a comb of tortoiseshell, the gallery part of which is high, and often wrought in figures of bas-relief; from each side of this depend three or four corkscrew ringlets. The front of the hair next the forehead is ornamented with two or three rows of pearls. Caps for home costume are of blond, with very large bows of pink gauze riband, with satin stripes. Roses are very favourite flowers on the hair of young persons; and a feather in white, resembling the tail of the bird of paradise, is much admired on the turbans worn by married ladies.

Hats and bonnets of satin, or of gros de Naples, of all colours, now prevail over every other kind; they are almost all trimmed at the edge with a broad blond. White esprit feathers are sometimes seen in carriages, on coloured satin hats. The bonnets are not so short at the ears as they were last month, consequently they are less becoming; being tied down close they have a dowdy appearance; and when the neck is short they nearly touch the shoulders. Long puffs of riband are often seen ornamenting the crowns of silk hats; and feathers, excepting those of the aigrette or esprit kind, are seldom seen.

The colours most admired are Burgundy, pink, marshmallow-blossom, lilac, violet, yellow, and blue.

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EVENING COSTUME. DINNER DRESS.

FRENCH COSTUME FOR MAY, 1870.

Published by James Robins & Co London.

Modes de Paris.

EVENING COSTUME.

A dress of violet-coloured satin, with a deep flounce of white blond, headed by gold cordon, with bows and tassels of the same. The body made plain, with a double falling tucker of blond surrounding the bust, headed by a gold cordon. The sleeves of white tulle or gauze, *à la Mameluke*, confined at the wrists by bracelets of green and gold enamel. Mancherons surmount the sleeves, of violet-coloured satin, edged by narrow blond. A black satin dress hat constitutes the head-dress, with a white feather under the brim, on the right side, and crowned by white plumage. The crown of the hat is encircled by a gold cordon, from which two gold tassels depend on each side.

DINNER DRESS.

A dress of celestial-blue figured gauze over white satin; the dress finished round the border by a broad hem, headed by a row of foliage in blue satin, each leaf edged round by narrow white blond. The body plain, fitting tight to the shape, with a broad white satin belt, in the centre of which, in front, is a Cameo head in medallion, set round with gold. The tucker part of the body is surrounded by a cleft ornament, edged round by narrow blond; and a chemisette-tucker of fine blond net draws up nearly as high as the throat. The sleeves are *à la Mameluke*, confined at the wrist by a broad bracelet, fastened by a brooch with a Cameo head. The turban is of gauze, the colour *feuille-morte*, with a bird-of-paradise plume. The ear-pendants are of pearls.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS, IN APRIL, 1829.

Various new materials, with a great diversity of names, signifying their importation from distant lands, though manufactured in the work-shops of Paris, have been introduced for gowns this spring: amongst these is the Egyptian muslin, and the *chaly de Constantinople:* the former remarkable for the brilliancy of its colours and the originality of its designs; the latter, for the softness of its texture. Dresses of fine Indian long-cloth, worked in embroidery of different shades, are in high estimation. At the benefit performed for the sufferers by the fire at the Bazaar Boufflers, Her Royal Highness, Madame, wore a striped dress of gros des Indes; the stripes very broad, cherry-colour, white, and Saxon green: these stripes against the white had the appearance of velvet, while on the white were lightly painted flowers mingled with gold.

A very beautiful dress of white watered gros de Naples has

appeared, embroidered in silk and gold; with a border of pinks, and their green foliage: dresses of blue satin are much in favour with ladies of distinction. The drapery on dresses is of the oriental kind: in all the dresses for *demi-parure*, it is usual to have a pelerine the same colour and material as the dress.

Pelisses of silk and soft satin are much worn in out-door costume; those of the former are chiefly of the wrapping deshabille kind, and have no trimming or ornament whatever. Cachemire shawls, disposed in elegant drapery over the form, are, as usual at this time of the year, much in request among those who are able to procure those expensive envelopes.

The newest head-dress is somewhat of an improvement on that preposterous cap named *à la fiançee;* this is called *Fiancée Neapolitaine;* but we much question whether any charming Neapolitan female would be persuaded so to disguise her features. The newest fashion of arranging the hair is in bandeaux; not *à la Madonna*, but in the Chinese style, which is becoming only to the very young and lovely, and they look well in anything. The berets are large and very flat; with these a different style of arranging the hair is resorted to: a bird-of-paradise plume generally ornaments the beret; on each side of which are two long streamers, or lappets, like a court head-dress. Turbans of coloured crape, interwoven by threads of gold or silver, and two birds-of-paradise, forming an arch on each side, are much admired in full dress. Puffs of pink gauze riband and full blown roses are favourite ornaments on the hair of young persons. At concerts, the favourite *coiffeure* was a toque *à la François I.*, of crape, and instead of a feather, a branch of lilac or white-thorn in blossom was placed in a vertical direction.

Straw hats and bonnets, interwoven with ribands, promise to be very prevalent this summer. One hat of white chip has appeared, with a wreath of roses, without foliage, and a bouquet of holly placed in front. Bonnets of corded sarsenet, have a row of ribands round the crown, cut in points, like that of a lance; these come about an inch above the crown, and seem to form a kind of palisade. Bonnets of Russia satin, ornamented by a branch of lilacs, are favourite head-coverings in carriages for the Bois de Boulogne. Hats are also seen there of salmon-coloured crape, ornamented with bouquets of white lilacs, or sometimes with Parma violets.

The most admired colours are palm-leaf-green, *Parfait-amour* (a colour between lavender-grey and lilac), amethyst-purple, rose-colour, holly-leaf-green, and apricot.

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MADAME DE MAINTENON.

Painted by Mignard. Engraved by J. Hopwood Jun.r

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